

bondage life

NUMBER 82 • \$12.00



BY AND FOR
"LOVE
BONDAGERS"
ONLY



ALL MODELS ARE 18 YEARS OR OLDER. FOR SALE TO ADULTS ONLY.

Cover Bondagette and Superstar Eve Ellis



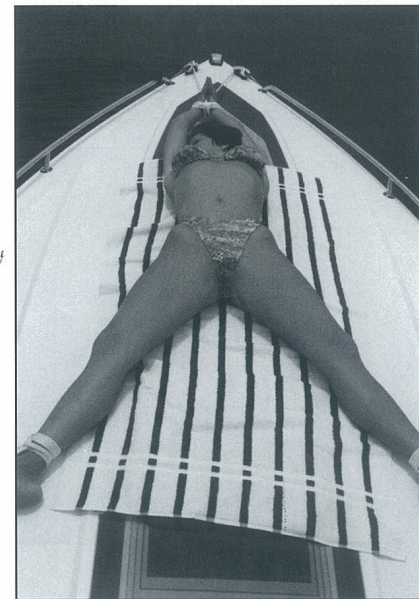
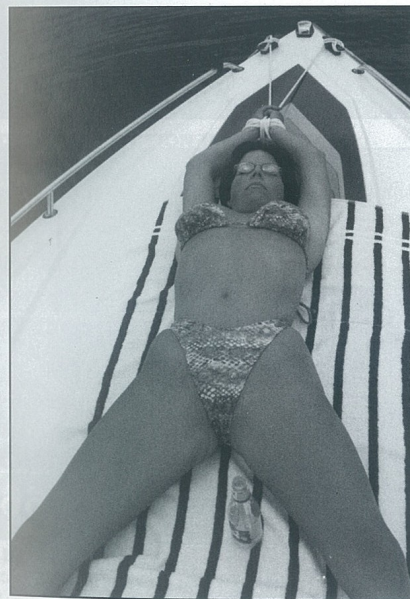
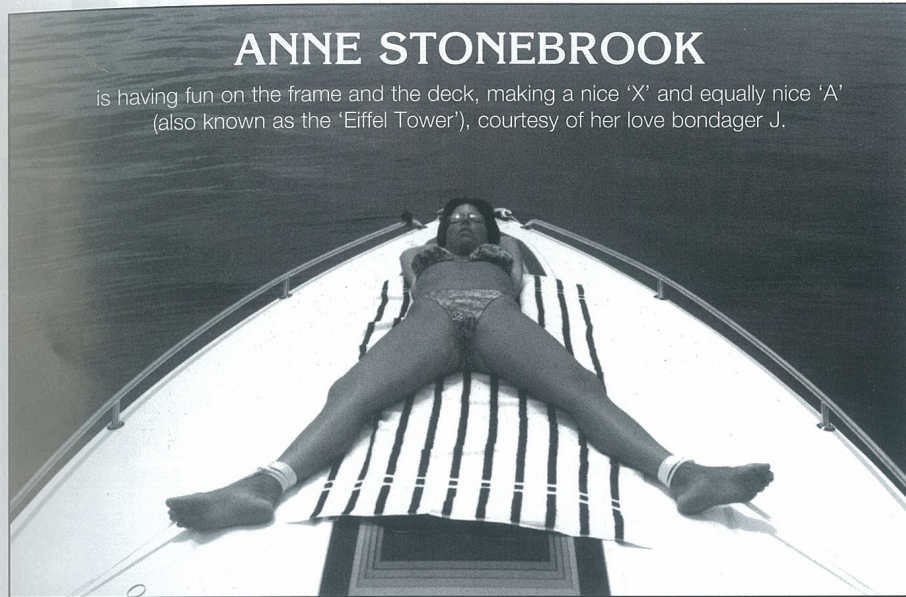
A fetish vixen if there ever was one. . .
bound for the sofa in black leather
and ball-gag in a photo shoot
exclusive for Bondage Life.
For more faces of Eve,
see pages 58 and 59.

HARMONY CONCEPTS — CELEBRATING THE
PSYCHOLOGICAL POWER OF THE BOUND BEAUTY
WHOSE "LOVE BONDAGE" IS AS MUCH FOR HER
PLEASURE AS OURS!



ANNE STONEBROOK

is having fun on the frame and the deck, making a nice 'X' and equally nice 'A' (also known as the 'Eiffel Tower'), courtesy of her love bondager J.



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number 82



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The depictions of Love Bondage in this Harmony magazine convey the satisfactions that men and women experience together when they practice bondage within the context of mutual trust and consent. We strongly discourage readers from imitating these depictions by themselves, outside the boundaries of a loving relationship, and without an alert partner. Records pursuant to 18 U.S.C. section 2257 are in the custody of Robert Q. Harmon, Custodian of Records, 13005 Victory Blvd., C-70, North Hollywood, California 91606.

All models are 18 years of age or older — proof on file — adults only.

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EDITORIALINES

I like this job because . . .

This is a great outlet for creativity. Where else can someone write a script for a unique damsel-in-distress scenario, choose and hire the models ideal for the roles, shoot it and edit it however we want? Where else can someone create a bondage magazine using such an incredible selection of photos?

I like this job because . . .

This is work I feel comfortable doing. Thinking, writing, photographing, and videotaping Love Bondage in action—in addition to working with good people—all fits like a glove. 'Enjoyment' and 'fulfillment' don't fully express the satisfaction I receive from employment in this field.

I like this job because . . .

I get to look at women tied up every single day. Sometimes in person, sometimes in images. But it's not something I have to hide or be embarrassed about because it's my job, it's what I'm paid to do, it's how I make my living, it's how I pay my bills.

I like this job because . . .

I believe my work makes people happy. I was made happy all the years I collected Bondage Life and other magazines and videotapes. And now I'm one of those blessed to be producing material for others to enjoy.

I like this job because . . .

Few rules exist here, save for the unread and unspoken truth behind the Harmony Philosophy—already and instinctively followed by each one of us.

I like this job because . . .

The publication you hold in your hands isn't the product of corporate greed and hypocritical marketing. This is genuinely a labor of love.

I like this job because . . .

I can actually say things like, 'I'd prefer to have a shot of her gagged on the cover . . .' and make it so.

I like this job because . . .

I love this job.

—Oak O'Kork

HARMONY PHILOSOPHY

What is most discouraging about this business are the prevailing social misconceptions concerning bondage, at least the benevolent, romantic type of bondage that we produce. For the unenlightened, what we represent and advocate really needs to be clarified. In that spirit, the following general explanation is at least a start.

It has never been nor will it ever be our purpose to depict women as mere subordinates to men. These pictures and articles are not about that. The materials we produce are carefully, and we think, obviously designed for men and women to whom bondage is an important mutual diversion, a recreational and benevolent experience, a fantasy with a happy ending, a good-natured game in which everybody wins.

It is not the pleasure of our patrons nor our intention to offend or demean or abuse or exploit or disadvantage, be aggressive against, or cause even the slightest pain to our models, or to suggest that such is occurring to the ladies they are portraying. We do not characterize victims; we characterize lovers who are mutually involved in a complex and bizarre but highly stimulating personal activity. The taste we reflect is mutually exciting and pleasurable — the bondage can be for the sake of sexual teasing or foreplay or the acting out of a benign rescue fantasy with slightly juvenile undertones or just the sweet and secret, simple sharing of a very special physical intimacy between caring persons. Whichever of these it is, we have characterized it on our pages as "Love Bondage."

While we cannot police the motives and psyches of our customers, we can and do shape our materials for completely benevolent natures only — either the adult who was imprinted during adolescence by the thrilling and heroic adventure story rescue of a bound and gagged and ultimately loving female, or the male or female adult whose basic nature identifies with the female in bondage and craves to personally experience those same offbeat sensations for either deeply psychological reasons, or to state this in the simplest possible terms, because it actually feels good, safe and even comforting. He or she is wrapped tightly and snugly, there is a feeling of being protected, and the rope becomes a surrogate for a protective lover's arms. It is to please and satisfy those two natures, that we create these visual fantasies.

Conversely, those persons in search of darker, less pleasant bondage themes must look elsewhere, for there is really nothing for them here. Our materials are just not for people who enjoy scenes of human mistreatment. If such people do show up on our mailing list from time to time, they certainly have no reason to linger, since what they are seeking is probably the exact spiritual opposite of what we have to offer.

Good drama does not exist without conflict and there will necessarily be the blending of bondage with actual danger in some of the text fiction that we publish. But these situations will be so obviously far-fetched or tongue-in-cheek that they are clearly not to be taken any more seriously than a comparable paperback tale or television episode containing the same elements. But in all of the photos that we present, be they from contributors or our own associates, the woman is there willingly, even gladly, and for her own reasons. Were she not, we would not publish the picture.

Therefore, the bondage that is dramatized here is an essentially gentle act used by lovers to intensify their physical and spiritual closeness. She gets to belong utterly to someone she loves, and to be adored for what he perceives as the prettiness of her dependency on him. She has surrendered for him that part of her independence she doesn't want. They are fortune-blessed soulmates, theirs is completely a mutual act of trust, love, appreciation of themselves and each other. And the readers who look on perceive her bondage as physically and spiritually pleasing to her — she knows that it has more to do with being wanted than abused. Were that not the case, we would ourselves be offended.

Our bondage has absolutely nothing to do with demeaning anyone. It is totally and utterly a bilateral activity, and, were it not, we wouldn't have anything to do with it.

-Harmony Concepts

HARMONY CONCEPTS, INC.

Serving the Love Bondage Community Since 1976

IMMINENT DANGER (FOX-1), pages 34-37 (her interview), \$45 VHS or PAL-VHS, 60 minutes, starring Alex Foxe (produced and directed by Alex Foxe)

DANGEROUS SIRENS (OK-11), pages 61-65 (Manse of Mystery), \$30 VHS or PAL-VHS, 60 minutes, starring Summer Knight and Jenny McKay (directed by Oak O'Kork)

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Letters & Photos & Art

BY THE PEOPLE

A GREAT AUSSIE RETURNS TO OUR PAGES! (even if it's only in a letter. . .)

Well, I just had to write and say thanks—not just for the wonderful magazines and invaluable lifestyle support you've been providing all these years—that would deserve a letter many times longer than this one—but for a number of recent artistic contributions long overdue for praise.

Firstly, let me thank Stephen Turk for the remarkable and totally unexpected "Government Property" color centerfold in *Bondage Life* 73, where all those pretty cheerleaders are lovingly stripped down to long socks and sneakers, then bathing-capped, bound, gagged, blindfolded and stashed away in the change-room lockers by a gang of mysterious captors. I want Stephen to know that piece blindsided me in fine style and I know several others who feel the same way. Thank you.

Next, there's that oh so tiny (alas!) "Sale Today" illustration on page 14 of *Bondage Life* 77, showing a rubber-suited, bathing-capped captive, complete with rubber gloves and tennis shoes looking back at us over her shoulder in the most winsome fashion. The detail is exquisite and, as is the case with Mr. Turk, the artist deserves heartfelt thanks. I can only hope that simple, evocative image is based on real-life photographs and that they will appear someday. It is the stuff of dreams.

A third offering is Osvaldo A. Greco's tennis cartoon in *Bondage Parade* 59, showing a lovely tennis-clad damsel bound, gagged and swim-capped, standing up on her toes and being taunted by her companions. In my fondest dreams, those tennis outfits are white rubber and there's a truly happy ending for all concerned.

Harmony features the artwork of many fine illustrators and I've always meant to write and say so. But what prompted this letter at long last is the stunning and literally (for me) breathtaking reappearance on pages 24 and 25 of *Bondage Life* 80 of PDH's wonderful work after (I can scarcely believe it!) seventeen years. As someone who loves bathing caps and Playtex rubber girdles and corsets on

beautiful women, PDH's work always struck a chord. I found his unique series of tightly gagged damsels in training delightfully erotic. I welcome him back and am sure—since I haven't written a letter of praise till now—that I represent a silent majority who feel as I do and just haven't got around to saying so.

A request, if I may Mr. PDH. As one Harmony 'veteran' to another, any chance of swapping those young misses' saddle shoes and training boots for squeaky rubber tennis shoes just once, perhaps twice? It would be quite special. Would you also consider letting Mr. O'Kork and RQH (the most vintage and remarkable Harmony vet of them all) pass on my address so I can one day thank you in person.

But for now, my repeated thanks to the gentlemen responsible for the fine pieces mentioned, and to you, Mr. PDH, my congratulations and sincere hope that more of your unforgettable images will appear soon. I can hardly wait. In the best of all possible worlds, there is a magazine of your fascinating imagery and I'm one of the lucky first to have a copy. Bravo and bravissimo!

Atreus

RESPONSE BOUND

I am writing to you with regard to a letter written by Jason G., that was printed in *Bondage Life* #73. I had meant to respond to this sooner, but I've been kind of busy (not "tied up" but rather, usually doing the tying on others). I recently moved from downtown, NYC, to the upper east side of Manhattan, and that was quite an ordeal.

Jason's story, as silly as it sounds, is quite true. While I don't know what actually happened prior to my arrival, I do know that once I got in the room, Jason was completely helpless, all tied up, squealing and squirming in vain, and trying to get

free. The cleaning lady was already inside, cart and all, and she was going through his personal effects. Yes, I pounced on her, yelled for security, and held her for the cops, and yes, Jason did get his wallet and gold chain back.

It really embarrassed him, because initially the police insisted that he accompany them to the precinct to make out a report. He would have none of it, and just wanted the incident to be put behind him. He literally begged the police not to take any official action. Eventually, they relented (probably out of sympathy for the poor guy, I mean it took about 10 minutes alone

just to untie and ungag him, and he was visibly upset, frightened, and emotional) and they let him off with a stiff warning to never try this again. One would think that such an episode would have forever soured a normal person on bondage games, but such was not the case with Jason. He bounced back quickly, and within a week we again were acting out bondage scenarios, albeit this time within the safe and sane environment of my duplex apartment.

As a dominatrix, I truly get a thrill out of kidnapping, binding and gagging my clients. And while I especially enjoy teasing them, I always take care to see to it that they are

treated well, and that their fantasies are fulfilled. My dealings with some of them, Jason in particular, have evolved into true friendships. He's a nice guy, he's generous, and he always keeps his word. We have socialized together both inside and outside of the bondage world, and I have chosen to permit him to take certain liberties with me, that I do not allow other clients. He has even been permitted, on occasion, to tie and gag me, although, truth be told, I always get the last licks in, and never fail to make him realize that I'm the boss.

Since the incident at the hotel, we have continued to do "outcall" scenarios, but usually in expensive, upscale hotels — not the risky economy joint that we used to go to. As such, our outcall adventures are somewhat limited, but Jason always has a welcome spot in my duplex, whether it's in my closet, on my floor, on the bed, on a chair or whatever, as long as he's my bondage victim, that's alright with me!

Christina

BANNER IS BEST

I am a long time fan and customer of Harmony. I've been a bondage enthusiast for many years, and my enjoyment of good bondage goes back to the 1940's (in the days of the movie cliffhanger serials and detective magazine covers).

I just finished looking at the recent video, BAN-4, and I wanted to write you to say how much I enjoyed "Banner's Bondagettes." I've bought all of the Banner videos thus far, and have liked them all, but I think this was my favorite. Having been a bondage fan for all these years, and having looked for really good bondage in many, many videos over the years, I'm always pleased when I can find good quality bondage such as you've given us in "Banner's Bondagettes." For me, the two characteristics that are of paramount importance in all good bondage are *tightness* and *neatness*, and you have shown these two qualities over and over in all of your videos.

I especially want to thank you for the good tight "cross wrist" bondage that you used in the vignettes of Kendra Summers and Janie Small.

As is probably true of all long time Harmony fans I have a particular bondage position that is my favorite, and that I'm always looking for in the bondage videos I buy. My favorite position is the "cross wrist, behind the back," and I suppose this is my favorite position because my enjoyment of bondage is rooted back in the forties when most bondage seemed to use this cross wrist position. I hope in your future videos you will use as much cross wrist, behind the back bondage as is possible.

Thanks again for the high quality, excellent bondage you've been giving us. I hope you will continue to produce many videos in the future, and I assure you I will be looking forward to them and will buy each and all of them.

Pleased in Mississippi

We're of course also enamored of Mr. Banner's wonderful work. If you haven't already seen it, check out our Banner feature in Bondage Life issue 79!

STONEBROOK IS SUPERIOR

I feel compelled to write and tell you how much I enjoy the images of Anne Stonebrook in Harmony's *Bondage Life*. She has a striking face with mesmerizing eyes, and beautiful smile. As much as I enjoy her smile I cannot help being more fond of the way she looks when ballgagged. In the recent edition of *BL*, on page 48 there are pictures of Anne in a PVC outfit on a deck. She's smiling, then ballgagged and handcuffed.

In any event I just want you to know that I think she is a beautiful woman and bondage model. I look forward to seeing more images of Anne Stonebrook in future *Bondage Life* magazines.

Gagman of VA

We also think she's incredible—you can see many new photos of her in this issue!

IDEAS

I recently received *Bondage Life* 80 for this month. I was thinking

about the future *Bondage Life* no. 100 which will be due out in July 2005 or November 2005. I finally got to see a movie in which Julie Strain is tied up and gagged — in a scene of "Rowdy Girls." Now I am submitting to Harmony my ideas for future *Bondage Life* no. 100 covers.

Idea 1 — I would like to see a back-to-front cover showing all the models that grace the covers of the past *Bondage Lives* as a graduation photo with everyone tied up in the photo.

Idea 2 — I would like to see a cover in which you have Stacy Burke as Holly Harmony tied to a pole with the *Bondage Life* giant logo above her and two 00 logos beside her.

Idea 3 — I would like to see a cover with Kristine Imboch (Lorelei) and Chelsea Pfeiffer bound and gagged to chairs in the Harmony offices. (I know that I am pressing my luck with the idea of having Lorelei and Mrs. Pfeiffer wearing superheroine outfits to do a future UC video).

W.G. of IL

RIGHT TO BONDAGE

I just snagged the last copy of *Bondage Life* #80 at my campus video rental. Boy — they go fast. It seems like they always under order. So one has to set up a stake out on a weekly basis when it comes time for *B.L.*'s street date. Anyway, thanks for running the Saudelli preview. I already mailed my inquiry to Italy, so hopefully I'll get some kind of response. Damn! His stuff is hard to track down.

The designated head/counter culture store on our main strip used to get some nice Franco pieces (the digest books=chair ties & tied & tickled). But they've been dry for a while. I live within walking distance of an excellent comic shop. But every time I bring this stuff up, I'm always reminded that the local finest pick up their dry-cleaned uniforms next door at the laundromat. What a racket. You can have a comic with a gazillion people blowing their brains out but you can't have comic books with an emphasis on feet/bondage? C'mon! Which one's gonna cause or inspire more senseless acts by dunceheads who take it seriously? Not

(Continued on Page 14)

Love Bondagette Dorothy Laine in Red, White and Black

See more of
Dorothy on pages
20 and 21





(Continued from Page 12)

to bitch too much—but friend—we currently live in a relaxed state of martial law when it comes to some things. I'm moving to France.

In any event, the mag is looking pretty good and seems to offer a good variety for everybody. I personally wouldn't mind seeing some more barefoot bondage. When Eric Holman was running the show, foot bondage was really in the foreground. Now it's not even really in the background. More like a once in a while kind of thing I guess. Oh well, use your own discretion on that one. Finally, I also enjoyed the extra Saudelli pages on page 60 with Stacy Burke. She's the greatest. Oh well... can't wait for *B.L.* #81 to ship!

A.D. of OH

CLASSIC LOOKS

I was greeted with the wonderful sight of *Bondage Life* #80 and two things moved me to write.

The first item was the cover: fantastic job by Jon and Lorelei. I admired the photo when I first saw it, then found myself returning to it again and again. Something disturbed me about it, a familiarity of concept rather than execution. The photo was very original and affecting, yet familiar. Finally I hit on the resemblance to John Willie's

Gwendoline work. The position of the woman, the open blouse, the hiked skirt, the costume itself, even the wooded area, all evoked the same idea. It's like the photo could have been a reference shot Willie took himself, then turned into a panel in "The Race for the Gold Cup." Again, excellent work if it was intentional and lightning caught in a bottle if it wasn't.

The second thing that really caught my eye was the page featuring Stacy Burke as La Bionda. Superb. Stacy brings that beloved character to life (another case of life imitating art—a theme!) and left me wanting more than just one page. I realize Saudelli's far too busy to traipse back overseas to indulge one fan, but perhaps he would be amenable to authorize one of your photographers to do an entire photo story featuring Stacy as La Bionda?

The rest of the magazine was another fine read. It's just that these two items stuck out from the rest.

B.K.

APPRECIATION

Please allow me to add to what must be a mounting stack of congratulatory letters for having taken the helm of *Bondage Life*. I was curious about how you folks would handle the transition. I can't say that I expected anything less than excellence, and I was happy to see that you did not disappoint.

You have added new features (like Manse of Mystery), expanded others (Letters and Forum), and continued old favorites (Tales from the Woods, and especially, Bound for Hollywood). And, you seem to have accomplished all this in the same, finite magazine space as before.

Very impressive! I was encouraged to read Editoriales in *BL* #80. Mr. O'Kork may have said it best, but I suspect that his philosophy about our common interests is not new. The bond

that links Harmony and the Love Bondage community has long been the key to Harmony's continued success, and to the LB community's continued growth. It's what makes us all thankful to Harmony for being there.

On another note, I am also curious about an item that I read in a recent issue of *Bondage Life*. Either in Tielines, or in Bound for Hollywood, there was mention of a commercial for a French or Swiss products company.

Somehow, this ad managed to feature a pretty damsel-in-distress, bound, gagged, and abandoned, at midnight on a lonely stretch of highway. The scene as described as sort of a European variation of the classic Lady-on-the-Tracks melodrama, complete with the ominous headlights of a thundering diesel truck bearing down upon the hapless lass. Fortunately, our heroine is (pretty much) rescued in the nick of time, but the item provokes these questions:

Did you ever find out which company created this commercial? Did you ever obtain a copy of this ad? If so, are there any legal obstacles to making it available for us? And, if not, who do I have to bribe in order to get a copy?

Until then, I suppose, I shall just have to make do with the enclosed order for additional Damsels-in-Distress "a la Harmony."

Ah, well, life ain't so bad, after all. As always, Harmony, thank you for being there.

E.L.

Thank you for your kind words, E.L. And no, we still don't have details on the appealing European ad. Maybe one of these days we'll know more. However, you should check out page 33 for one tantalizing photo!

LEGS AND MUSCLES

I just recently started buying *Bondage Life* and I've always been turned on by "damsel-in-distress" Love Bondage. (By the way, Leah is hot, hot, hot!).

Let me give you my requests regarding what I'd like to see.

My fetish is for women with powerful, muscular legs. You would

probably be hard-pressed to find models with legs built like the women in the German Coco cartoons, but that is what I like. I would like to see women with awesomely muscular, defined legs in extra short, tight skirts and dresses. I also like spiked-high-heeled pumps (the kind with flat soles, not elevated soles).

What turns me on about stand-on-your-tiptoes stiletto heels (no less than 5 inches high, preferably higher) and ultra-short skirts and dresses is that they themselves are a form of bondage. They inhibit movement so greatly that they can force a woman into submission. And, of course, they make shapely legs look so much shapelier.

I would like to see videos and/or photos of women tied in the traditional position. That is—hands tied behind their backs, elbows tied close together, legs tied together at the knees and ankles. This can be either to a chair sitting, against a pole standing or on a bed lying. But I would very much like to see women's legs tied in a cross-legged position. That is—she sits, crosses one leg over the other, and with rope tied around her knees and with the ankle of her crossed leg tied to her other leg's bottom half, her legs are held in that position. I've seen this done in some of your other bondage magazines. As for gagging—taped mouth or ball-gagged.

So in a nutshell—the more muscular her legs, the higher the heels, the shorter and tighter the skirt, the better.

F.K.

Thanks for sharing your preferences!

COULD SCARF UP MORE OF MCGUIRE'S BOUND FOR H'WOOD

I have written a few times, as have others about the use of silk scarves as fashion accessories. A silk scarf tied snugly around a lady's neck as she is bound and gagged is a very erotic sight for myself and I am sure for others.

I would like to see a video in which most of the models have the scarf on constantly, whether clothed

or partially dressed. I really am looking forward to something like this.

I was also saddened to read that Carl McGuire has done his last Bound for Hollywood. I'm sure many people will miss Mr. McGuire's column as I know I will. Here's hoping someone else will continue in his footsteps.

B.C. of N.J.

Yes, we certainly miss Mr. McGuire more than you can imagine. But as you may have noticed by now, yours truly has taken up the daunting reins of reporting on mainstream media bondage. I'm no McGuire, but it's an important element of *Bondage Life* that needed to be continued.

IT'S NO SECRET THAT "SECRET LADY" IS FABULOUS!

I've just seen your video HS-20 "Secret Lady and the Bondage Brides Part One" and I want to share with you my impressions.

"Secret Lady" is the best bondage video I've ever seen. It's a masterpiece! Listen Harmonizers; you MUST buy this video! I've been on the Harmony mailing list since 1991, I have a great collection of books about John Willie, Eric Stanton, Franco Saudelli and so on... I know what I'm saying. All in this video is perfect, nothing is real new, but all is so refined, so beautifully done, that it's like watching a bondage movie for the first time! For example, the scene with Andrea Neal and Jenny McKay tying up Eve Ellis is wonderfully surrealistic. (Have you ever dreamed to live with a beautiful woman who wears a gag most of the time around the house?).

The theme of the escape artist is well developed, the story is very interesting, the editing is near professional standard and adds good rhythm to the plot; but the best thing is daring to break the bonds of 'political correctness' that threaten to castrate the fantasy in other Harmony videos. "Good drama does not exist without conflict" says the Harmony Philosophy, and it is true!

Look how the storyline is more realistic, more exciting with the

scene in which Artemis Antone narcotizes Andrea Neal by pushing a cloth over her mouth and nose (good work Jon, it's a great scene, long, well done... you know what I mean... please

more of this!), and in the scene in which Artemis threatens Eve Ellis with a gun (very sexy Artemis, you are the Dark Lady of my dreams!).

Look at the scene in which Eve Ellis disarms Artemis with a kick (Oh... the leg with dark stockings and high heels... the lifting of the skirt... wonderful, more... please more... Eve Ellis in this video is more beautiful than ever... I fall in love with her...)

Look at the camera positions... the scenes in which the camera is at the height of the pavement are wonderful because you can see the legs of the ladies from the bottom; it's very sexy! (I love the women's legs, sometimes I think you don't exploit to the utmost their erotic potential in your videos: more courage boys, don't be afraid to push forward; your only limit must be "good taste!")

I've spent a lot of money with other companies to find more dramatic and original bondage videos, and lately my purchases have been rare. I hope this is a beginning of a new Harmony Era.

A Sophisticated Italian Collector of the Unusual

Thank you, from all of us and especially Mr. Woods. We are collectively proud of "The Secret Lady" two-part epic.

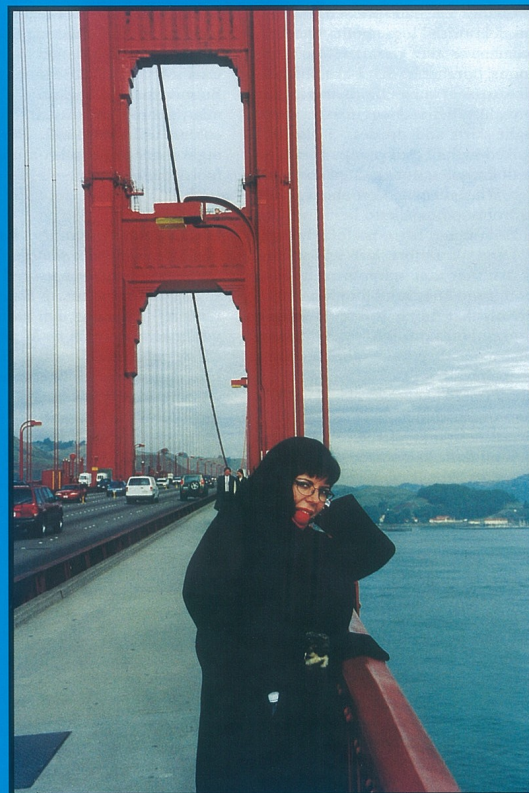
DREAM COME TRUE

Hi! This is a letter to tell you that dreams and fantasies do come true. On May 16th 1995 I received a letter from Bambi Newberry—a Harmony model. I took a chance and wrote to her in care of Harmony. She received it and wrote back and sent a photo too. We kept in touch over the years and on March 1, 1998 I had the pleasure of meeting her. She sent me a letter telling me she was gonna be in Chicago for a glamour convention. She was so nice. We took several photos.

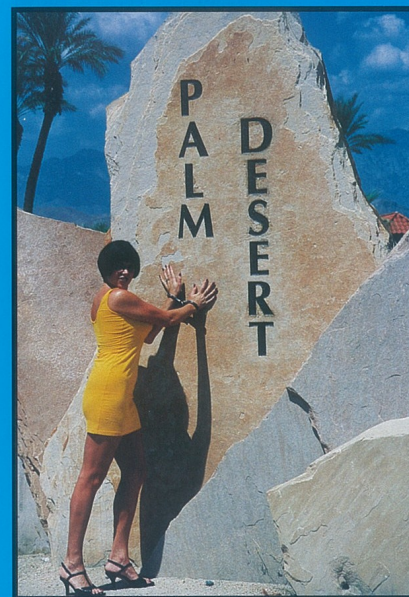
(Continued on Page 18)

WHERE IN THE WORLD IS ANNE STONEBROOK?

Well, she's evidently in five different places around California in this whirlwind outdoor bondage adventure.



Too bad every town doesn't have a Love Bondagette of her caliber to greet people as they enter the city limits!



No matter whether she's cuffed, gagged, or both, we must thank J. for his itinerary!



Meeting her made our friendship stronger. I'm still a fan, but she considers me a friend too. Since then I've been to see her a couple times. The last time we met she fulfilled my fantasies. I like stocking feet and bondage with ballgags. Well every time I see her she lets me take my stocking feet photos of her. At our last meeting she brought her ballgag and let me take a couple photos. I knew I would never see her in bondage personally. But to see her with my favorite gag in person was the best.

Stacy Burke is another of my favorite recent models. I emailed her a couple times and she was kind enough to write back. Plus being a Hispanic male I like her good friend Gloria Reyes. They starred together in "Hostile Witness" (DD-25). I'd love to see them in another video together. Anyway, ever since I met Bambi at the glamour convention, I've been attending them. There was a show in L.A. Stacy asked me if I was coming. Since I knew a lot of the girls attending and wanted to meet Stacy, I went. She was a total Sweetheart. We took a lot of photos and she did the stocking feet and ballgag photos also. She is awesome. I hope to meet her again someday soon. This was a letter to say that dreams do come true.

Flip of Chicago

THE PERFECT SILK SCARF EXPERIENCE

I find the need to write to someone about the most wonderful experience I had last night and into the morning. I have been practicing self-silk-scarf love bondage for long time, and plan to continue to do so for a long time to come. As I sit and write this I am partially bound and thoroughly gagged with scarves.

A very beautiful woman whom I have known for nearly 20 years came into my life just recently. Until then she had been married and divorced. We had 'just been friends' during that time. After her divorce about a year ago she suffered a broken ankle and was shut-in for a while. She called me to come and see her to party a little and to help her recuperate. Well, since then we have become very close. Close enough to

tell her about my interest in scarf bondage. When I first told her about it she thought I wanted to tie her up and do the S&M thing. Then I explained I wanted to be tied and feel good, and she said sure but give me some time to think about it. That was about a week ago. Well, last night after a little partying she agreed to secure me to a chair using about 20 scarves and to gag, blind-fold, and head tie me with about 10 more scarves. But first she wanted me to tie her the way I wanted to be tied. I said 'Wow! Sure!' I had shown her some pictures by Mr. Volcane and a couple other silk scarf bondage photos and videos, but she said a personal demonstration might be best. She didn't want to be naked and I said "no problem," but she did get down to a matching set of dark green velvet and lace bra and panties from Victoria's Secret and sat down in the chair in front of my dresser drawer full of scarves and said "let's go!" So together we picked out the scarves we wanted to use—she likes color coordinated, I like mix and match. I showed her the way I like to fold the scarves to use for tying and started by tying her wrists to the arms of the chair, asking all the while if the knots were too tight or if she wanted me to stop. She said that everything was okay, just that she was a little nervous. So I continued by securing her ankles to the outside of the legs of the chair. Taking care to wrap her previously broken ankle with several scarves before tying it. Then I added two ore scarves securing her elbows to the arms of the chair and then under her armpits and around her upper arms to the upright back of the chair with two more scarves. Then I added two more scarves to secure her knees to the legs of the chair. Then I added one long scarf under her breasts and around the back of the chair. Then I gagged her by stuffing a big scarf in her mouth and cleave tied it in with another scarf. Then I added another scarf completely over her mouth, and another the way a robber might wear a bandanna mask. Then I added a traditionally triangle-folded head scarf tied tightly under the chin. Then a folded scarf over the eyes held in place with another scarf around her head. Then another tri-

angle-folded scarf not tied, but yet another head scarf on top tied tightly. She said "great" after I immediately let her go, "let's get you going." Oh my God, I thought I was in heaven, when the first thing she suggested was for e to get naked and for her to tie my penis and balls first and then to add a waist scarf with which to secure a couple of crotch scarves. So with penis, balls, and crotch scarves I sat down in the chair. This beautiful woman learned quickly as she tied me identically as I had tied her down to the last detail. She even teased me as she was tying me by doing little scarf dances around me before adding one to my bondage, or by draping and smoothing them over my skin before adding one. All the while she kept on saying she couldn't believe that she was enjoying this. She let me sit and struggle and mumble for an hour before she started to let me go. She only let me half go (upper arms and knees) and said the rest in another hour. I about died — it was such a cool tease. In about an hour she came back and gave me oral sex and let me go. Then we discussed the fact that we both had a great time. And that she wants to take pictures. We are both graphic artists and I'm sure any pictures we take will be very artsy.

R. B.

What a great experience! If it weren't so real, we would have been tempted to place it in the Bondage Tales section for its great narrative quality.

RESPECT

I wanted to let you know that I finally received the replacement tapes today. I would like to thank you for all of your help. It is good to know that you respect your customers when the post office fouls up our orders.

I don't know where you keep finding all these gorgeous models but keep up the good work. I think Carolyn Reese is just as hot as Johnni Black and Andrea Neal. I would love to see these models in plenty of videos alone or together. I also hope to see Leah on video again some time soon.

P.S.

"THE LOFT" FAN SECTION!

There is no limit to the number of bondage photos available today in publication or the internet. But bondage fiction — good bondage fiction — is rare. In *Bondage Life's* 79 and 81, "The Loft" by Van is the best new bondage fiction I have seen. Certainly the best to appear in *Bondage Life* for years. I hope that part two is not the end of that story, but if it is, you must get Van to become a regular contributor to *Bondage Life* with new stories.

To be honest, the only reason I continued to get *BL* was for Carl McGuire's articles and when he retired that was going to be the end. It was just luck that Van's first story started in Carl's last issue and I was hooked.

R.C.

Hard to admit it, but we like it when we 'hook' somebody! As you'll notice, chapter 3 of "The Loft" is indeed contained within this issue. We will also shyly disclose that there are indeed a number of additional chapters remaining to this entertaining story.

First off, what happened to "The Loft" by Van? It was an exceptional story and I would love to read the rest of it. I am sure many other readers want to read more chapters of it as well.

Now to answer your "Bondage Life" 80 question.

In 1989 I received my first Harmony video. I had just gotten divorced and was on my own again. My ex didn't enjoy bondage and thought it was sick, but that is another story. It was great, Sarah Foster Tate was an erotic star at her best, it was at that point I was hooked on Harmony video tapes.

I worked in Washington state as an apartment maintenance supervisor, at a complex of 240 apartment units. About six times a year I would get new bondage videos, always looking forward to them. One day I went to get my envelope from my mailbox, only to get another tenant's by mistake!

It was an easy mistake, I lived in J-3, Mandy, a very voluptuous brown-

eyed beauty with long fiery red hair lived in J-8. I didn't know the new tenant very well, only her name on the envelope at the time, and seeing her leaving and returning to her apartment. I must admit even before the mail mix-up I looked forward to watching the buxom redhead who was my height, 5'11" strut around the complex in the summer, her spandex workout outfits showed off her fabulous curves all too nicely, and my wild imagination did get the best of me at times. I knocked on her door after work with her Harmony video in hand.

"I believe this is for you." I blushed.

"Oh." Mandy was even more embarrassed, as she ran into her apartment with my new Darla Crane tape in hand, only without the envelope! "I think this is yours."

"Was it good?" I asked, feeling very aroused.

"See for yourself." Mandy seemed more relaxed, after all we had something very special in common.

We sat and watched the rest of UC-4. When the tape was over, we found ourselves taking up the middle of the couch together, our hands probing the other. I soon found myself gagging the redhead with one of her soiled panties, and a wide red silk scarf, then tying her hands behind her back with a black scarf. She moaned with delight, as I caressed her red spandex leotard clad body. It was then that I found out that Mandy was a pre-op transsexual!

It didn't matter though, because we had something very special in common.

She lived in the complex for another six months, and every weekend we spent it tying each other up and watching new videos together. It was a nice period of time, and really added to my collection. I now have almost seventy-five videos and ten times that in viewing pleasure.

P.F.

I just finished the first part of "The Loft" by Van. Please, please, PLEASE print the next installment as soon as you can. A barefoot, blue-

jean clad beauty being held prisoner by a "Celtic Venus," oh my! You have my permission to print it in other Harmony publications.. I know, I know, some people get honked off when you do that; but I can't wait for the next *Bondage Life*. Come on you tightwads! Buy some other Harmony publications! Heck, buy a subscription.

How is the subscription plan going?? I see by the brochures that you are still only publishing two magazines per month. I get the feeling though, that you folks are getting the short end of the deal with Close-Up. Twice in approximately seven months I have received a duplicate Close-Up magazine. And last month (April) I received an old copy of *Bondage People*. What gives? Am I the last hold out for dropping the subscription and ordering the magazines monthly. Could you please let me know.

Now to air a minor complaint; just as Harmony in the early '80s had a typical "look," so does Harmony of today. To wit: almost every secretary and hausfrau wears short knit dresses and high-heeled pumps! Granted, those knit dresses allow certain body parts to be displayed with relatively little damage to the dress, but they can get boring. You have even reported that some of your models don't like those high-heeled pumps. Come on guys, let your models wear some comfy sandals. Let's please have a little variety. Thanks for your time.

Walt of Ohio

"The Loft" was a great story, exciting, two great characters, and a wonderful plot, the only problem it ended too fast—how about two segments the next issue?

I will definitely miss Carl McGuire and "Bound for Hollywood," like most readers I truly looked forward to his article and leads into what to rent, and when to set my VCR. I hope his replacement is half as good.

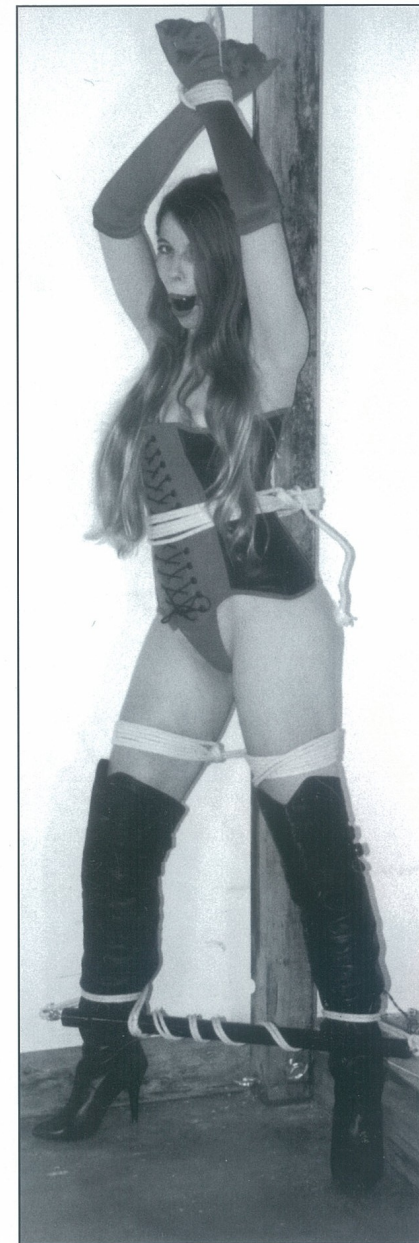
The artwork in *Bondage Life* 79 was terrific.

Keep up the great work and remember more of "The Loft."

F.



Bondage Sweetheart Dorothy Laine treats us to a rope mummification and fetish display of the loveliest kind by her Love Bondager Tim Woodman.

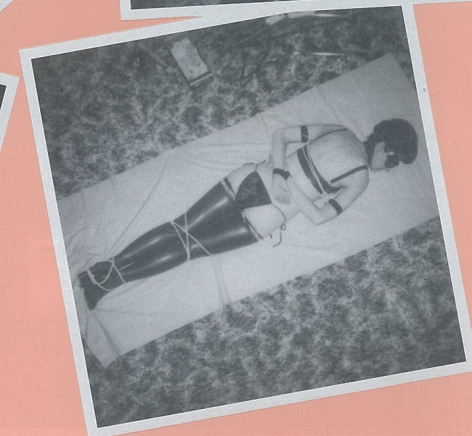
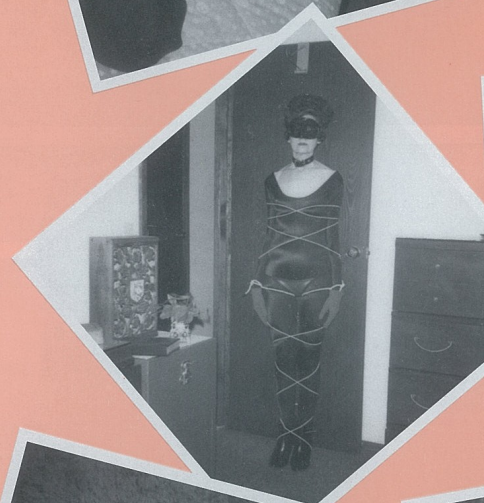
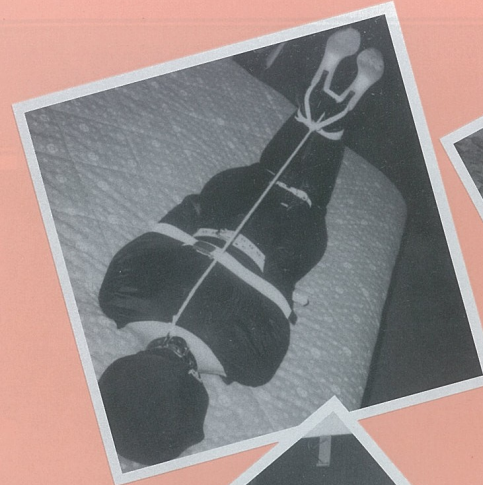
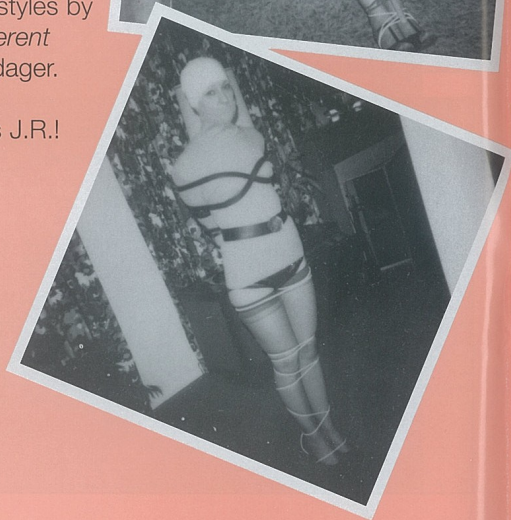
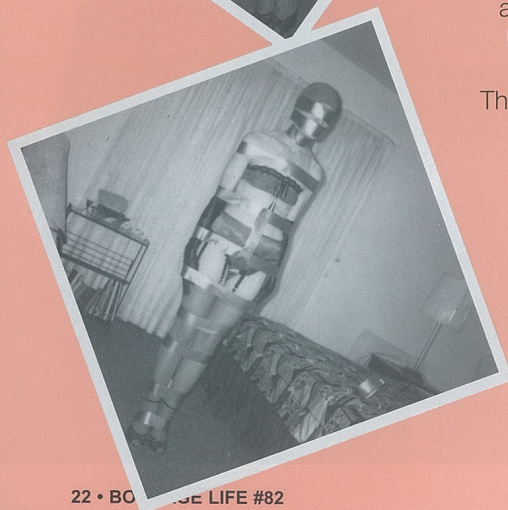
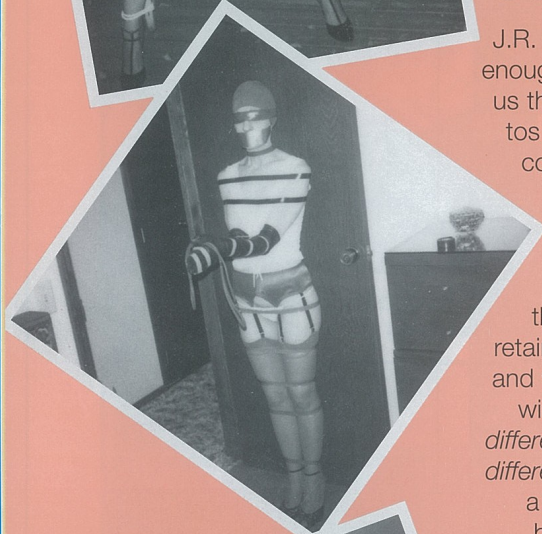




Vintage J.R.!

J.R. was kind enough to send us these photos from his collection dating back to the 1970's. Shot on instant film, these images retain the J.R. feel and yet give us a window on a different time with different styles by a different bondager.

Thanks J.R.!



Bondage By the People Section

TIED UP IN *Texas*

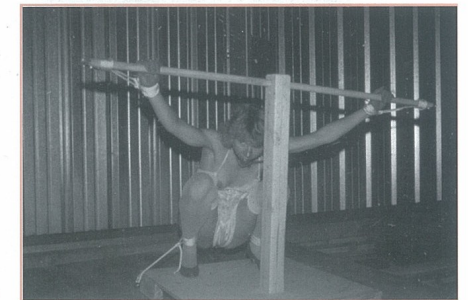
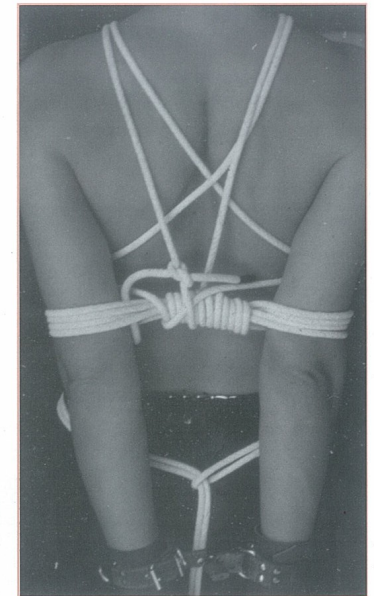
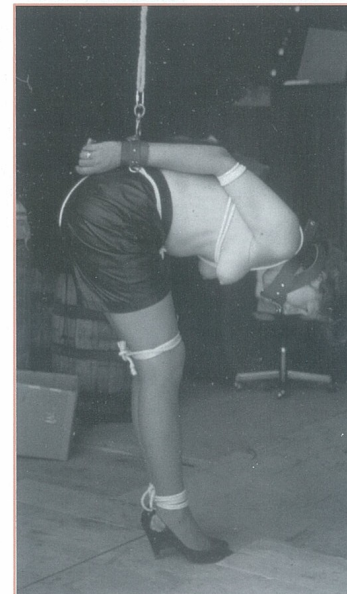
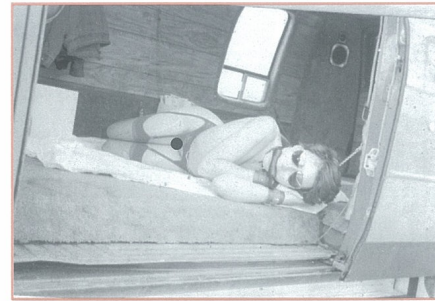
... does it again – a
snug bed-bound hogtie,
complete with gag,
blindfold and boots.



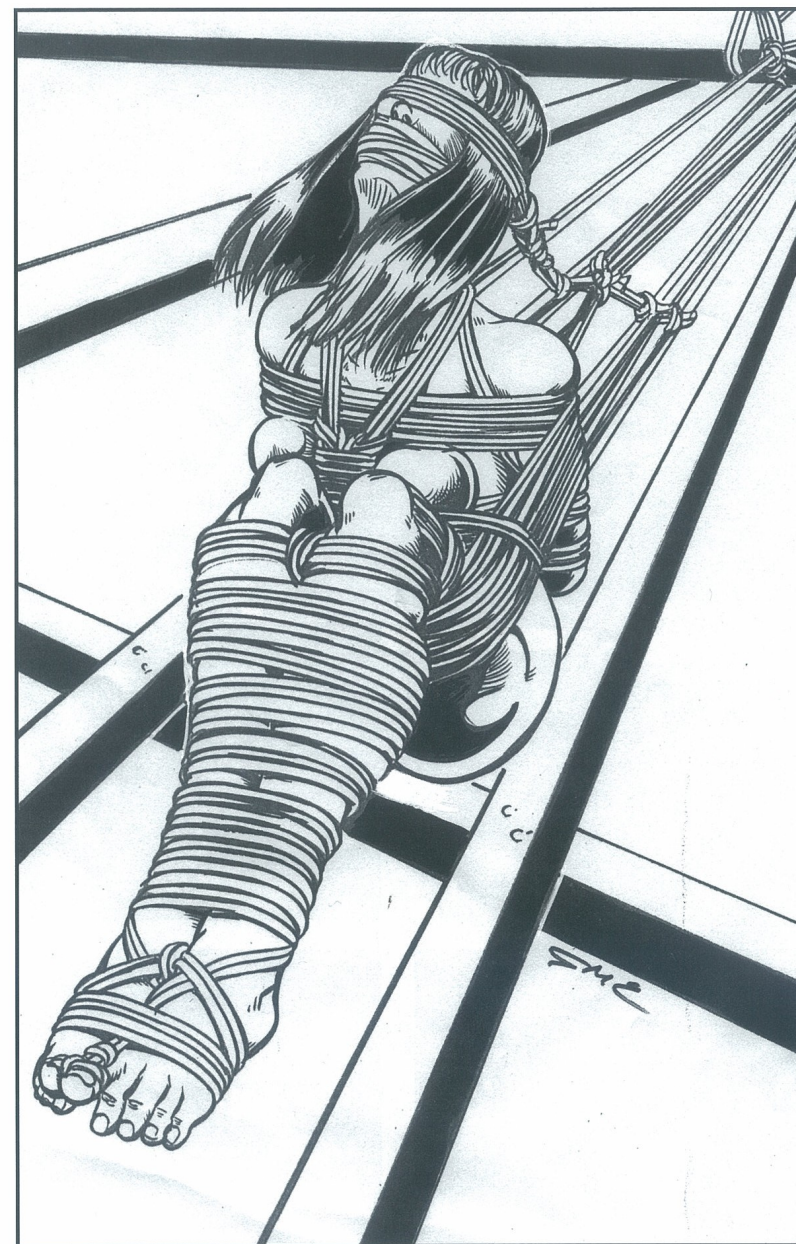
Sweet dreams!



T. & D.
indulge in a
number of
outdoor, van,
and garage
Love
Bondage
hijinks.



F&M bring us their version of the mystery bondage, bound and gagged for our approval; do we really wish to know who she is, or do we derive our pleasure from not knowing?





KW by RW

A pretty lingerie-clad hogtie and single-glove with ball-gag fetish-tie are a couple of KW's irresistible predicaments.



Tielines

By Oak O'Kork

Sometimes I look over past *Bondage Life* magazines and am amazed at the wealth of information and tidbits of bondage history sprinkled throughout. Especially in Tielines. This is one column I've probably struggled with most, as I've found it increasingly more difficult to find those bits of knowledge that few know, making them worthwhile to share with the *Bondage Life*-reading audience.

With the onset of new technologies by which everyone can communicate with everyone else at the touch of a few keystrokes, by the time this esteemed quarterly is published, much is old news. Or simply 'uninteresting news,' 'redundant news,' or 'been there-done that news.' Or material we can't publish for one reason or another. Or yada yada yada . . .

This is just to say that I will mix in more of my 'behind-the-scenes' experiences, as well as information about the issue you hold in your hands, which I believe to be much more interesting. Because after all, these are personal first-hand interactions shared directly with you.

But I'll begin with this issue's tidbits . . . Chelsea Pfeiffer passed along to me a postcard she received advertising a particular issue of a local weekly newspaper. The image is that of a famous comedienne, arms wrapped up



Aaaahhh...

in what appears to be a scrunched-up shirt, with a necktie keeping it tied together. Her hands are on the sides of her face, with mostly only one eye peeking out. Anytime we receive a picture like that, being sent out to thousands of people, we can only begin to wonder what responses it evokes in different people, not to mention what made them send out an ad like that in the first place (makes us happy!) . . .

. . . Jon Woods and myself have noticed, at varying times, a billboard around town that advertises something—well I'm not exactly sure as it's in Spanish (I took French in school)—by using the image of an attractive woman's face. The thing that *really* caught our eyes were the two strips of white tape, crossing her lips to form an 'X.' Billboards like that sure are dangerous to drivers when a Harmonizer is driving by them (just kidding—but remember to pull over and appreciate them while you're parked!). Problem is, when I finally remembered to bring my camera to photograph this beautiful sight (a woman's gagged face the size of a movie screen!), I couldn't find one of them any more. If we get a hold of the image, we'll publish it next time. . . . Speaking of billboards, a 'reader in the southeast' sent us some interesting information: "on a recent vacation to our closest neighbor to the north, I saw



Is this guy awake?

some interesting outdoor billboards. Both were advertising a product that's some kind of drink. Each featured a headshot of a very attractive woman. The caption on one simply read "Knows how to hogtie," and the caption on the other, "Knows 101 uses for duct tape." It doesn't take too much imagination to arrive at the intended message. I'm not familiar with the product, but if it would lead to either of these lovelies carrying out the promise on the billboard the sales must be fantastic." One has just got to wonder if the ad people creating these concepts are Harmonizers themselves.

. . . On a much more unusual front, reader W.L. in CA writes us about watching the very informative History Channel, and not believing his eyes. Apparently (or apparition-ly), in a documentary of the "Haunted History" series—"The Ghost Stories of Key West"—they showed a statue he considered quite "marvelous." In the cemetery there, a statuary made of black granite is that of a nude, kneeling woman, with her hands tied behind her back (wrists crossed)! He goes on to mention there were several close-up shots, including her bound hands. We're also surprised to hear of a grave marker . . . like that. Unfortunately, there were few words on the statue, and no detailed explanation. If anyone



Contentment on the set of OK-9

knows more about this statue, feel free to let us know!

. . . Since I still haven't been able to find out more about the European commercial (that has the sexy woman bound and gagged in the road and the trucker who stops but doesn't save her) since first mentioning it a few issues ago, I've decided to run one photo from it, in the interest of journalistic curiosity. This is actually both to quell the popular demand to see an example, and possibly to help us find out more about it, as we are insanely curious (okay, I'm just speaking for myself—but can you imagine, a whole series of ads with this damsel in different distresses?!). Any help from our European Love Bondage community? . . . Now to the personal anecdotes . . .

Gags. I love them. Especially on a beautiful bondagette. I don't think my obsession with them is much of a secret, although I try to play it 'cool and collected' when

working with our professional models. Gaggings them and looking at them while they are gagged is inarguably the part I enjoy most when I'm working with models. But at the same time it's what makes the woman arguably the most apprehensive and/or uncomfortable. It's not only the concept of the gag—because even the best packed-mouth muffler is not 100% sound retentive. The model can always let us know if something is wrong, or needs to communicate with us for any reason.

It's more that gagging them interrupts the flow of discussion, as during any typical video/photo shoot in which everyone chats in between shots—about everything from the mundane to fetish subjects. When they're gagged, which is usually after they are tied and just before the camera rolls, it signals the end of the casual and informal shot set-up and the beginning of creating the product—the 'formal' part of the day.

And I betray my secret passion for gags by leaving them tied or taped to the damsel at the end—I begin by untying her (which is usually more of a comfort priority anyway) and let her take off her own gag at her discretion. I've got to admit that I love it when the model leaves it on. And that can be for

different reasons: because she forgets, she can't get it off because she needs help, because she has nothing to say, or because she likes it on. The last reason really appeals to me, just as different models have their own gag preferences. Andrea

Neal and Alexis Taylor, for example, like ballgags because not only do all our ballgags in stock fit in their mouths perfectly, but it reduces the amount of dialogue they are made to give (I've never said models aren't reluctant actresses!), but they feel it's easier to breathe around the gag as opposed to the sealing-the-mouth nature of the tape gag (which can also leave a messy case of 'sticky face'). Then, for another example, there are models who prefer tape to ballgags, as they can't open their mouths wide enough to fit most of our ballgags. But usually both 'gag camps' can agree on a soft scarf cleave-gag. Opinion changes once again when addressing mouth-stuffing and corner-of-the-mouth-pulling cleaves. You learn a lot in this business, not the least of which is difference of preference and opinion. . . .

. . . A couple more quick anecdotes . . . I direct your attention to the photo of Catalina L'Amour and Kelsie Chambers from "GACK!!!" (OK-9). The radiant smiles on models' faces often make the entire strenuous shoot day worth it. And another thing I just noticed—you can't exactly say that they are 'posing' for the camera—they are by necessity 'pre-posed' by the ropes! With ladies that pretty, it's hard to go wrong . . .

. . . And finally, I can't resist showing some bondager/bondagee interaction during a set-up during the shooting of "She's No Policewoman!" (OK-24). In these two photos, you see how Jon Woods is inadvertently making Eve Ellis quite . . . should we say happy? And in the other, Summer Cummings seems to be telling me that Jon didn't get all the rest he needed; I guess I'm



Who are you?

lucky he did such a great job of rigging that scene!

. . . There are two significant attributes to *Bondage Life* 82 I wish to call your attention to; one is intentional and the other accidental. The accidental one is that the focus in the imagery is that of ballgags (ball gags, ball-gags, whichever you prefer). Believe me, I love ballgags, but I'm equal opportunity about them—I like almost any kind of gag I see and use the greatest variety I can think of. But let this issue be, then, the official "ball-gag" issue of *Bondage Life*.

The intentional slant is that—and I'm not kidding—EVERYONE represented by photo in this issue has interest in Love Bondage. That may not seem as amazing to others as it does to me, but remember that we have many beautiful models whose personal behind-the-bedroom-doors passion is not Love Bondage (as much as we would like to believe it). And then we have many who do Love Bondage just as they do love bondage (get the difference?). In this magazine, every Harmonizer who's sent in photos of his beloved, and every Harmony model whose photo was taken during a photo session, has a personal interest in bondage—from our cover bondagette and superstar Eve Ellis to Dorothy Laine to Jenny McKay to Alex Foxe to all the By The People contributors such as Leah and Anne Stonebrook—they are truly all here because they want to be and are part of our Bondage Lives (not only a little publication called *Bondage Life*).

This is just one of the many things I love about our little world.



THE BONDAGE LIFE INTERVIEW

WITH ALEX FOXE

After shooting her first independent video for Harmony Concepts, this bright and enthusiastic new star took a moment to answer some questions for *Bondage Life*.



You haven't been doing this for very long, have you?
No.

How did you find Harmony?

I was working for an internet company, and I met women who've modeled for you... and you just kind of network. They said that you were a good company to work for... So I called you.

What was your first bondage shoot?

I think it was for you guys... It might have been with you or another company.

How was it?
Great!

Had you ever done bondage in your personal life, that is, was this something that interested you? Or you just found out it's fun once you started making videos, or...?

I'd been to play parties before, before I ever got into making videos, and I would sort of top people in a sense. Just as a kind of mental domination... That's what I really liked when I'm topping somebody, more than anything.

The power exchange?

Yes, the power exchange. I was always really interested in it, and once I was at a party and I got this young man to just do things, like get me wine... And there was an older lady there, and I had him lick her boots, and she knew exactly what to have him do... just little things. That was the first time. He was standing there following me around and I sort of fell right into it. (laughs)

So you just took control...

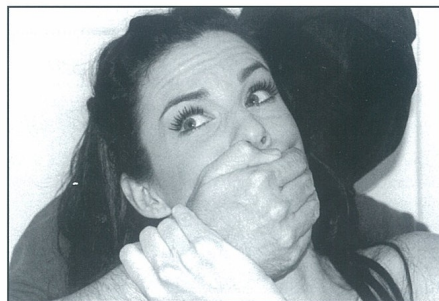
Yes, and then when I did the first shoot it was just a total reversal of control and so that was exciting as well. So I consider myself a switch.

What is it you liked about playing the submissive role?

I think that sometimes the submissive is sort of topping the top in the sense of who has control over what's going to happen.

Usually.

Yes, it was nice. I've never played publicly, which I'm kind of shy about. There are these clubs that we have out here where people do that. I don't know if I would, though, since I'm shy. But it's exciting to do... To not have to worry, to lose the control to just sort of sit back and enjoy it.



And you've found out that it's more of an enhancement...?

It can be very pleasurable, you know, when someone's doing things to you, or you're feeling the hot and the cold, and how your body reacts to it.

Getting back to gags for a moment, is there one you like more than the others? I'd probably say the bandanna. I like those. I can get 'em nice and sloppy and then you have to handle 'em...

(laughs)

That's why I like 'em.

And what's your least favorite kind?

I think the ball-gag. The bit-gag's okay. But with the ball-gag, when it's hard for me to swallow... I don't like that feeling.

Of all the different things you've done so far, what's been the most fun?

I've, um... Do you mean in my private life?

Well, if you really want to reveal something about your private life...

I've found that I really like sensory deprivation, like hoods and things like that. What I'd like to do is, I'd like to be suspended in the cocoon kind of thing, where you kind of float in space. I haven't done that yet, and I'm interested in doing it. But the most fun was probably the hood and being tied up, and someone using various items on me. But I'm a big multi-task kind of person. I need to be multi-tasked. Sort of like doing two and three things to me at once. I like that. I've done hoods in private, and I've also done that for a video. The thing that I'd like to do that I haven't done yet is the suspended mummy bag.

Regarding videos, what have you enjoyed doing the most?

Let's see... It's interesting to be tied up different positions and... (laughs) I like it all!

Do you have a favorite position to be tied in?

I like to be sort of standing and... spread out. I guess I like to be in a position where my areas... where I can be stimulated.

What are your feelings about gags?

Some I like more than others. I've worn the hood where you can't hear and your eyes are covered, and with the gag. It's really wild how that feels, and how sensitive your whole body is to touch. And it doesn't necessarily have to be painful. When I talk to people they equate bondage and all that with pain.





Is that something you like?

Well, I like more of the licking my feet and doing all that... (smiles) while I'm having sex.

Doesn't that require more than one person?

No.

Okay...

I could show you the position. (Alex gets into a contorted position) See? you're like this...

Uh-huh...

And it's amazing. I mean, there are times that I'm like... (Raises her foot into her imaginary partner's face) I'm the one putting my foot up there.

So you're very foot erotic?

Yes, I'm a foot erotic. I'm into that and I'm into bondage. Although sometimes I don't get to play in my personal life as much as I would like to...

Are you into "dressing for pleasure"?

Oh yeah, I love all that. When I did the DDI (Dominatrix Directory International) cover, I was in a rubber cat-suit.

Do you like corsets?

I love 'em! I have a leather one and I have a red one, and I really like them a lot. I like what they do to a woman's figure. I think they're very sexy. I like the look of it. I think it's very sexy, and I like to see a woman in it as well as wearing one myself.

Do you feel you're visually oriented?

I'm very visually oriented. I like rubber and all that. I like the feel of it. I've worn some liquid latex, and I like that, and... I just like it all!

You've just finished your first independent video for Harmony... and I hope in future videos you'll get to explore all those other things which interest you.

It's all new to me, but it's very exciting and it's just like the tip of the iceberg. There are other models I know and have met, and of course I'd like to follow in their footsteps. This is very exciting for me, having the opportunity to work with you and producing my own video. It's awesome. I would definitely like to get more into that. It's very exciting, you know? Learning all the ropes, so to speak (laughs) in front of the camera as well as behind the camera.



So you just want to keep exploring and go as far as you can with it?

Exactly. There's no glass ceiling, I guess.

Not really.

It's nice to see women in more powerful positions, running their own companies and things like that. There's a lot that I don't know and I've also learned that if I don't know, you just ask questions. I've never done a lot of this before, and earlier I wasn't aware that my elbows could go back as far as they did. I was impressed with myself. I gave myself a little pat on the back.

We're impressed too. You know, if you keep doing this you become more flexible and it becomes easier.

I would like to have mandatory masseuses after the shoots. Wouldn't that be awesome?

Quite a few of our models are becoming massage therapists...

There you go... I think I could use one now.

These photos are from Alex Foxe's first independent video for Harmony Concepts. "Imminent Danger" (FOX-1) 60 Minutes is available for \$45 VHS or European PAL-VHS.



AN ULTIMATE HOMAGE



I open the envelope with the slightest hint of trepidation. All that is written on it is "tribute." Who died? No one apparently, as the array of photos within breathe a vitality all their own. Wonders—the photos look as if they were posed a long time ago—classic lingerie, mysterious location, timeless model, effective ropework. But the edges of these prints do not reveal any aging whatsoever—despite the fact each image is bordered by a white frame—who does that in this day and age?

I look closer. Who is that? It's none other than Whitney Prescott. These can't have been taken too long ago. But the look, the feel, the 'vibe'—aaaahhhh—I know.

It's the work of none other than Lorelei (Kristine Imboch), bondager and bondagette extraordinaire. It appears to be a tip of the ol' bondage hoist to both Blakemore—the quintessential bondager of the late '70s/early '80s, and the old-fashioned Klaw style. She has done her homework exceedingly well.

To reveal the previous conceit to be, well, a slight elaboration of what actually occurred: Lorelei has been wanting to shoot a set of pictures just like these for some time now, and *only* now have all the proper elements come together, including the right model, set and circumstance.

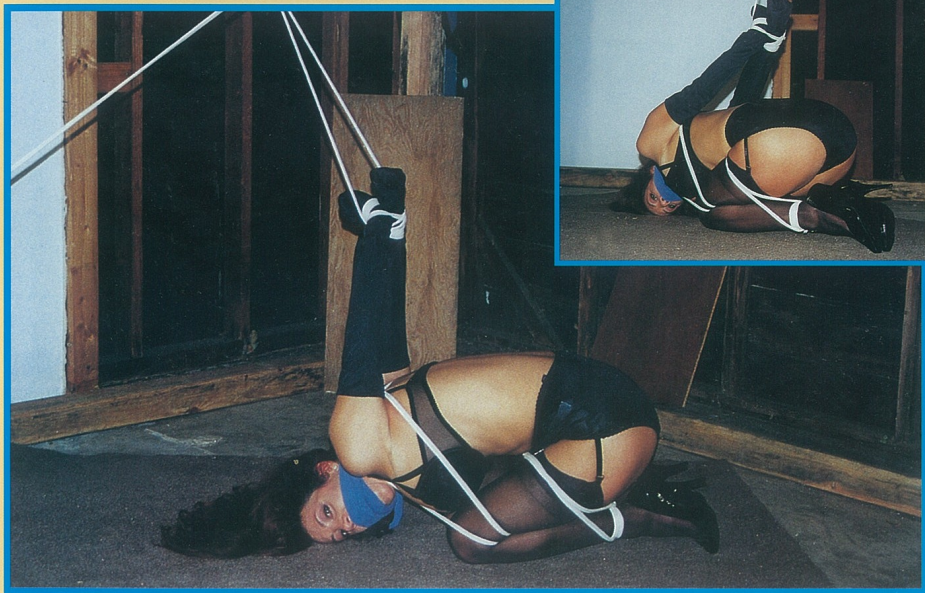
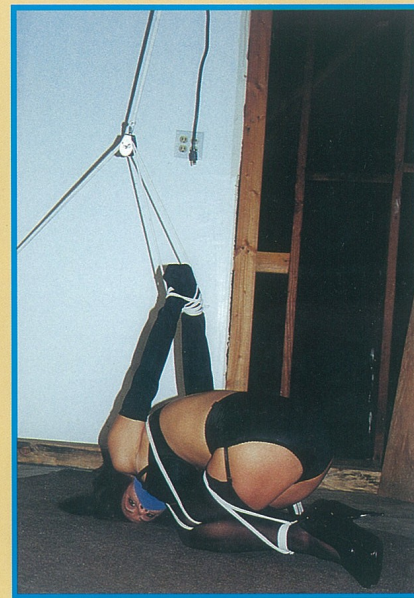
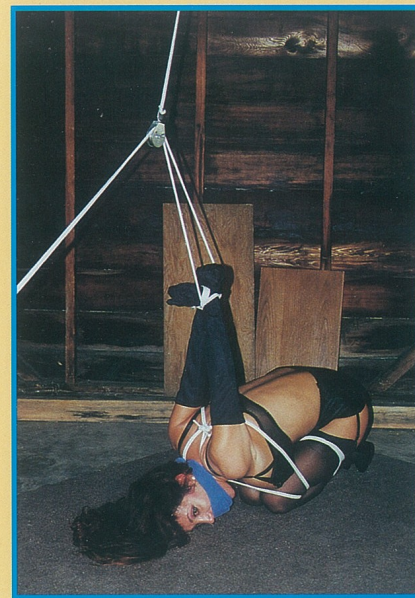
Thus she provides—as a special contributor to *Bondage Life*—the following super treat for bondage connoisseurs everywhere. And we gleefully give you the next five pages, with more coming next issue!

-ed.

MODEL: WHITNEY PRESCOTT

PHOTOGRAPHER: LORELEI





SHAWNA IN OAK'S CLUTCHES!

A headline on the cover of The Harmony Daily Gazette? Could be, if we had a daily newspaper . . . Here now is the never-before-documented in front of and behind-the-scenes evidence of the editor's first Tielines photo shoot. To clarify: in Tielines precisely a year ago, *Bondage Life* 78 to be exact, Love Bondagette and sometime model Shawna Lake is shown 'breaking in' the new editor by way of distracting him via sitting on his lap—bound and gagged.

Sometimes the lengths we take to conjure up one simple photograph is extreme. Not so in this case (red her-ring). It simply took a little help (the illustrious Mr. Jon Woods played the role of chief photographer), a little preparation and a little time. Once we were set up, a few rolls of film were expended, and a few dozen prints developed from the chaos and confusion (just kidding—about the chaos that is).

On this page, witness the earnest efforts of our little team in trying to create the 'perfect' image of model and editor interacting.

Then on the next page, witness the hilarity that ensued.

We hope you enjoy these almost-but-not-really-lost photos from that session over a year ago.

And can you tell me why the photographer never even got a glimpse of the editor's face?
(Maybe he's a shy guy . . .)





BOUND FOR HOLLYWOOD

By Oak O'Kork

It's time to play catch-up with all the films that have had damsel-in-distress scenes. One trend is obvious based on the photos in this column: In the year 2000, Hollywood went nuts with silver duct tape!

MOVIES

In the recent 1998 "Testing the Limits," the character played by **Lorissa McComas** is kidnapped by a man obsessed with her. It's a brief scene in which she is seated in the front seat of a car, tape-gagged with her wrists tied in front with plastic ties, ankles tied with rope. The abduction is apparently foiled when her kidnapper checks his pockets and can't find the car keys.

Amanda Pays (formerly of "Max Headroom" fame) is briefly tied in a wetsuit while seated in a chair, with her arms tied behind it in the conclusion of 1996 video movie release "Subterfuge."

"General Hospital" vet **Finola Hughes** experiences a brief distress in the last portion of "Jekyll Island" in which she's bound with heavy rope at wrists (behind back) and ankles, also while sitting in a chair.

Catherine Lazo gets into hot water in "Good Cop, Bad Cop" when some drug dealers intend to sacrifice her for a phony religion they've created for their clients. Her wrists are tied over-

head while she stands in front of a stone idol—just before the hero rescues her.

"Blowback" features one of those 'crazed religious fanatic' storylines. Which of course includes the obligatory blonde woman about to be executed—in this instance she is (probably) played by **Erynn Dana Dalton**. She's topless while tied to a cross with leather straps and hanging upside down by her ankles. Then later, the climax has the villain escape from prison in order to kidnap **Gladys Jimenez**, whom he takes to the same isolated house. This time, he has his unwilling captive standing and tied to the cross, again topless, but with a cloth cleave-gag. Fortunately the policeman hero arrives to save her in the nick of time.

Caterina Scorsone has just a couple of short scenes with her hands tied in front and wearing a cloth cleave-gag in "Teen Knight."

In a more erotic vein, **Tamie Lynn Hannum** is submissive in a short sequence in which her wrists are tied together overhead, she's blindfolded and topless in a movie called "Life Of A Gigolo."



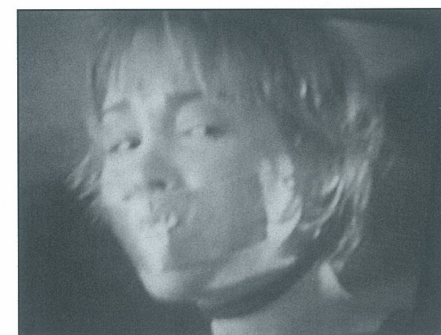
Simon says, get gagged with a potato!

Just in case it's never been covered before, the 1992 feature "Death Ring" has **Isabel Glasser** used as bait for the hero. She's tied spread-eagle on a large table, and is rescued after a big fight by her hero.

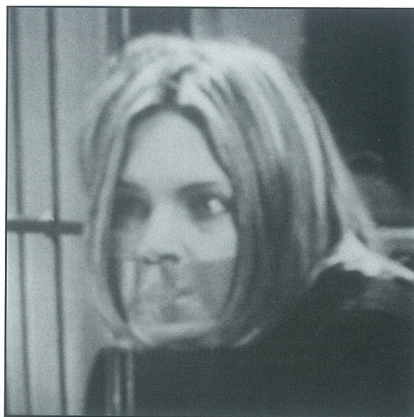
Melrose Place veteran **Jamie Luner** has a scene in the edgy melodrama "Sacrifice." While playing the mistress of a crime boss, she helps a criminal who's trying to find the serial killer who murdered his daughter. The killer happens to be a crazed abortion clinic nurse who targets Jamie's character. When she's knocked out, the killer ties her down to an obstetrical table with dark cloth strips, her legs apart and arms tied at her sides. She's



Natalia, what are we going to do with you?



Is this a picture of the perfect tenant?



"Caracara" may mean 'tape gag' in some other language...

rescued just before it can get gruesome.

The Dennis Rodman-starrer "Simon Sez" has three obvious highlights. First, **Emma Sjöberg** fights 'good guy' Dennis in a hotel dining room, ending up tied to a post, wrapped in a table cloth and cloth over-the-mouth gagged. Then the heroine played by cute **Natalia Cigliuti** first has a potato stuffed in her mouth (!, again let us repeat that, !!!) as a gag while kidnapped and put in the back seat in a car that ends up 'flying' (if you need to know more, you'll have to see the movie...). Later this is followed up by Natalia being the kidnapped damsel ready for the climactic rescue



And some tape for Rachel...

sequence. She's bound and cleave-gagged to a chair in the villain's castle hideout (don't you love how villains have some of the nicest digs around?).

If we didn't cover this before, we should now: **Andrea Roth** is an impressive damsel-in-distress in the film "Dangerous Attraction." Her character's dangerous ex-lover breaks into her apartment, throws her to the floor, cuts pieces of duct tape and uses a long piece with which to gag her. He then uses more tape to tie her wrists in front and her ankles together. She manages to free herself

when a policeman shows up, and they both battle the villain to the end.

The thriller "The Coroner" features **Jane Longnecker** in a few extended bondage scenes. Seen in an asylum, she's wearing a straitjacket after a mental breakdown following her abduction by a deranged coroner. Flashing back to when she was out jogging, she's shot with a drugged dart. Awakening in his basement, she finds her self lying on a table, wrists and ankles in leather cuffs. After a failed escape attempt, she's handcuffed in a metal frame, arms overhead. Only when she escapes by pretending to faint does she get her revenge in the climax.

In the horror hoot "Blood Dolls,"

Debra Mayer is seen for a short time lying on the floor with wrists tied together overhead and tethered to the leg of a heavy table, but without a gag.

The British oddity "Everybody Loves Sunshine" (in the States known as "B.U.S.T.E.D.") features a twice-bound **Rachel Shelley**. In the first bondage scene in this somewhat grim import, she's lying and



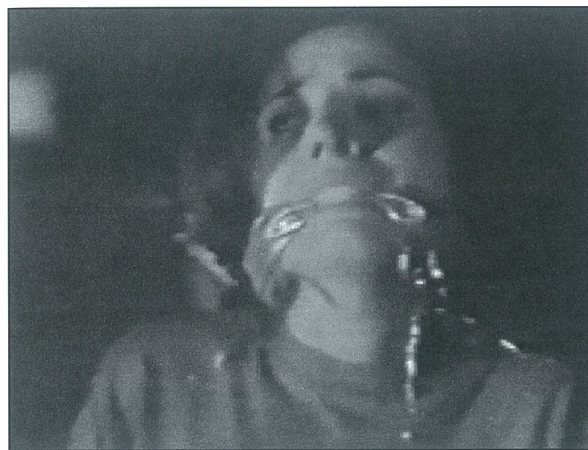
Those eyes, that tape-gag...

kneeling on the ground, wrists tied in front with a cloth strip and sporting a cloth cleave-gag. Later she's tied to a chair in a factory boiler room with tape, wrists behind and ankles to chair legs, wearing a tight cleave-gag. It's one of those instances in which we never discover her eventual fate...

The mean-teacher-held-hostage sub-genre (if there is one) is well represented by "Teaching Mrs. Tingle." In this off-beat thriller, **Helen Mirren** plays the title role and experiences a few long scenes tied down to a bed with cloth strips and cleave-gagged with cloth part of the time. Too bad lead **Katie Holmes** couldn't find herself in the same situation...

In the hard-to-find (at least for us at BforH) "Papertrail" (aka "Trail of a Serial Killer"), three damsels find themselves in dire distress. As the title's villain's victims, **Audrey Lupke**, **Alison Reid**, and **Thea Gill** are chloroformed and then bound with tape, complete with tape gags. Any more detail on what happens to them doesn't really fit this column; check a horror movie magazine.

"The Perfect Tenant" (1999) features an almost perfect suspenseful—and suspending—bondage scene.



'Fantastic' cleave.

In the climactic conclusion, **Stacey Hogue**'s character is bound and gagged with duct tape, while keeping her balance on a table so that the cord around her neck attached to the ceiling doesn't choke her. The psycho who has done this intends her as bait for his real target, Stacey's mother played by **Linda Purl**. Although Linda doesn't have her own bondage scene, she tries to save her daughter—as the villain is pushing the table out from under poor Stacey's feet. Fortunately, there's a happy ending as Linda saves her daughter and vanquishes the villain.

On the subject of great tape-gag scenes, **Natasha Henstridge** impresses us with her derring-do while all taped



Deja Vu?

up. In "Caracara" (aka "The Last Witness") (1999), an assassin has taken her hostage in her own apartment—from where he plans to shoot a political figure. She's bound with tape, and attached to the cage of her pet bird. In an exciting sequence, she manages to save herself with some athletic moves—by using the cage—although she is still taped as we segue into the next scene.

More duct tape still! Former model **Rachel Hunter** has a lengthy duct tape scene in "Tripfall" (1999) during which she's in the back of a van with husband John Ritter, bound and gagged by the nefarious Eric Roberts. Many close-ups convince us she's thoroughly gagged, but that doesn't mean she can't save herself...

And we can't forget the hit "Scream 3," which marks the first time a woman has been bound and gagged in this slasher series. Fortunate for us, it's the friendly **Courtney Cox** who gets the full treatment, albeit in a short scene. She's duct tape-gagged (of course!) and otherwise restrained to a chair, but gets free before she can get caught by the masked villain...

Then we also have a

rare shot from the "Fantastic Four" movie, in which the damsel (sorry, we don't have her name) is held hostage for the Four to save her. It's a cleave-gag scene, simply for variety.

Finally we can't forget to mention the just-released (as we write this) remake of "Charlie's Angels" starring **Cameron Diaz**, **Drew Barrymore** and **Lucy Liu**. As you can see, they all get chained up a la the first TV episode, and later Drew has a protracted scene with tape-gag and all. And you needn't worry: these ladies won't need rescuing as they are all experts at the martial arts!



A little ropework on Drew.

BOUND FOR HOLLYWOOD LETTERS:

We get quite a few letters for *Bound for Hollywood*, many celebrating **Carl McGuire's** work, and many others that contribute information about some of the more prolific actresses who find themselves in bondage...

Received "Bound for Hollywood" Vols. I & II, and they are excellent. I see in Vol. II that there is also a Vol. III. If it is still available I would like it as well.

Your running history of celebrities in bondage in *Bondage Life* is extremely interesting to me since I have over the years been mentally compiling one of my

own. Yours has been very welcome-ly informative and I would like to return the favor.

Stephanie Powers is indeed the hands-down champion by far, not only in the total number of times that she got tied up but also in the number of identities in whose guise she underwent this provocative experience.

She was beautifully restrained in one way or another as April Dancer of "UNCLE"; Feather, the lovely lady layer of her truncated other series "Feather and Father"; Jennifer Hart in "Hart to Hart"; Clint Walker's wife in "Hardcase"; a society woman accused of murdering her husband in a made-for-TV movie; as the gun moll in two other TV movies; as a western lady outlaw who wore handcuffs throughout her trial; as Rockford's girlfriend; Robert Wagner's girlfriend; and as the girl in "Die, Die, My Darling," to mention only those I can remember. That's eleven different identities, a record I am sure.

I also have a higher "incidence" count on her than you do. Mine was already hovering around the "30" mark before "Hart to Hart" began. What a wonderful lady!

Another one I have a higher count on is Stephanie Kramer, 10 for "Hunter" plus the one you tell about in "Bound for Hollywood" in a movie made in 1965.

Many years ago, when I was a teenager in the forties I stumbled across a treasure-trove of old movie magazines dating back to the early thirties. In them I found at least two and possibly three photos of a very young and very beautiful Loretta Young, all tied up and gagged.

One of them was of Miss Young elaborately bound and gagged and fastened standing against the bottom banister of a staircase. On the same page were four or five other women, also tied up and gagged in various poses. The page was entitled "Muffled Dames"; almost certainly one of the earliest recognitions of bondage as an interesting topic in a mainstream magazine. Another montage I remember from those old magazines was several pages of Loretta Young as a shepherdess, in a "peasant" dress and enchantingly barefoot. Whitney Prescott reminds me of her.

To Maureen O'Sullivan's record you can add a real-life such incident in her later years (she was identified as

Mia Farrow's mother), when her house was burgled and she was tied up and gagged using drapery cords.

This also happened to Anita Ekberg who was hogtied by burglars in her hotel room during a movie festival of some kind. This also was late in her career, actually long afterward. "They tied her ankles to her wrists," was how the article described Miss Ekberg's delightful (to me) predicament. She had put on a good deal of weight since her "Blonde Goddess" movie days but must have been a glorious vision, nevertheless, on her bed in her nightgown and barefoot, and all trussed up.

Has actress Michael Learned, of "The Waltons," ever been tied up onscreen? She played a nurse of some kind in another series she starred in, and in one of the episodes she was used as a hostage by some fellow, but whether he tied her up or not I never found out because, for some reason I can no longer recall, I missed seeing that episode. I couldn't cry out loud because my wife was still alive then. She was quite a 'bondagette' herself, resignedly enduring the hundreds and hundreds, maybe thousands of time that I tied her up prior to some of the most memorable lovemaking that I can remember for nearly twenty-five of our more than thirty years together until she got sick and we had to stop. It is now more than sixteen years since she died and I still miss her.

Thank you for your kind attention.

J.M.

I would like to thank Oak on informing the readers about the Jodi Applegate and Asha Blake bondage sighting on the Ainsley Harriott show. After reading the Bound for Hollywood section in *Bondage Life* no. 80, I started to watch the show to find this episode. I found the episode in a rerun on August 11, 2000 due to the talk show information in the TV section of the paper. I watched the entire episode from the beginning to its end. But you have to remember that Florence Henderson was in this episode also. Mrs. Henderson was the person responsible for tying up Jodi and Asha due to their unladylike attitude on the show. I enjoyed the scene because it was unexpected and humorous. This bondage scene was too

short to me but it had a great intensity. Great ropework and folded gags done on Jodi and Asha. It was also great to see Jodi and Asha liberate themselves before the final credits of the show. It was great to see two professional newswomen/talk show hostesses in this type of humorous sketch. I would like to see other talk show hostesses like in "the View" or "Jenny Jones" in humorous bondage sketches, breaking the mold of most talk shows.

PS — I was watching a Spanish game show called "A Que No te Atreves." I recently watched the last show of the series in which one of the beautiful hostesses, Sofia Vega, is tied up to a rack. The other hosts placed a lot of snakes on her to help other players win prizes. On the last show, I remembered a show in which you had two women chained inside a sound proof booth. Their families had to find the right key to open the sound proof booth before a large amount of green slime covered the women to determine the loser.

W.G. of IL

I'd like to first say how grateful I am that someone has agreed to helm the wonderful BOUND FOR HOLLYWOOD column. This has been one of my favorite outlets of entertainment for the past 15 years. When Carl McGuire announced he was quitting the column, I was heartbroken. I thought, who was going to take his place? Anyway, I'm glad Oak O'Kork is thoughtful enough to do it. As was the case with Carl, I have enclosed a list of film titles containing bondage sequences from films from the silent period up to the present. Since your columns have featured mostly TV sequences, I believe this information will be of use to you in future columns. From time to time I also enclose photos or stills to help out too. I believe in the "BY THE PEOPLE" philosophy and I feel since I'm getting something out of it I'll glad to put something back in. Anyway these films listed are film titles I have not seen in previous issues so I'm hoping it will be new and helpful to you and the other readers. Good Luck to you Oak and thanks again for a nice job. Take care and long live BFH!

M.K. from L.A.

BONDAGE LIFE PRESENTS: THE LOFT Part Three

by Van

Due to very popular demand, we are pleased to present the third installment of this entertaining story. -ed.

Aunt Carol unlocked the cage door and gave me a one-sided hug. (One-sided because, as you'll recall, my wrists were securely locked behind my back with a pair of shiny new hinged handcuffs). Her arms enveloped my nude, embarrassed body and nearly crushed the air from my lungs. I'm somewhat Lilliputian (as you'll also remember), and Aunt Carol is something of an Amazon (about a good three inches taller than Erin—and *strong*.) so she very well *might* have crushed the air from my lungs if my nose and mouth hadn't been buried in her ample bosom.

"Well, you don't look much the worse for wear," she gushed. "I see a few very minor bruises and rope burns, but nothing that couldn't be explained away by a good creative 'there I was sliding into third' story."

"Ah, right now I don't think I could think of *anything* very creative," I mumbled. "What are you doing here? Not that I'm not always glad to see you."

"Let's have some tea and I'll explain."

As she lead me out of the vault and towards the kitchen, I began to recover my wits.

"Could we stop by my room so I can get some clothes?" I asked.

"Nice try, Brooke," she laughed. "I know all about the game you and Erin are playing. I'm not here to spoil the fun, just to make sure things aren't out of control." I sat in a kitchen chair while she put on the kettle.

She rummaged in the cabinets. "Darjeeling? Chamomile?"

"Earl Grey. You could act as my accomplice," I ventured, "and help me escape the nefarious clutches of your cruel and sadistic niece."

"You don't really want me to do that, do you?"

"I'm not sure," I said quietly.

Carol chortled. "Even if you were sure, I wouldn't let you go. I'm casting myself in a different role. Besides, your contract is with Erin, not me."

"Erin told you about the contract?"

"No, I found it in the den, along with the keys to the vault, that cage she had you in, what I assume are all the other doors in this brick maze, and this tiny little key which I'm sure you recognize." She held up a key ring with the

handcuff key extended.

"Want me to show you how it works?" I asked.

"You're hopeless," she laughed, "as well as helpless...and at least for now, you're going to stay that way."

We chatted and lounged around the loft (or at least I lounged as best as I could, hands cuffed behind my back and all), until Erin came home about three o'clock.. (Somewhat early for her).

Erin was as surprised to see her Aunt Carol as I had been. Standing and facing each other, the family resemblance was unmistakable. Save twenty years, three inches, (and two or three bra sizes), they might have been twin sisters.

"I told you on the phone she was fine," Erin grouched.

"I knew she'd be fine, but as I told you, I'm concerned that Brooke is going stir-crazy locked in that cage all day." Aunt Carol flopped next to me on the sofa and gave my shoulder a sisterly squeeze. "I just thought I'd come over and brighten her day. Besides," she winked at me, "I never could resist a captive audience."

"Or an abominable pun," I groaned.

"We discussed that too," Erin said. "You're the one that talked me into taking my vacation early, so I could spend the rest of the month with the 'Prisoner of the Vault,' here."

"Vacation?" I asked.

"It's a slow time at work anyway," Erin explained. "Nothing new will be happening 'til the new LAN servers get here, and they won't really need me when they *do* get here, so I swapped my vacation time with Ronnie. I was going to surprise you with the news," she turned and glared at Aunt Carol, "until a certain uninvited guest spoiled things."

"Well, rather than spoiling surprises," Carol laughed, "I'm *full* of them. Help me bring a box up from the van and you'll see."

Erin and her aunt started towards the front door when Carol turned and pointed in my direction. "Forgetting something, Erin?" she asked.

"Oh, go ahead," I said innocently. "I'll be fine right here."

Ten minutes and thirty yards of rope later I was gracefully if somewhat indignantly reclined on the couch, hitched and wrapped from neck to toes, and chewing on a

cotton washcloth held tightly between my teeth with the sash from my bathrobe.

Several minutes of impotent struggling later Erin and Carol returned wheeling a large wooden crate.

"Whew! Good thing your van has that hydraulic lift," said Erin, "or we'd never have gotten this thing out the side in one piece. It doesn't weigh that much, but it's so bulky."

"The lift is so I can move my sculptures with minimum effort and expense. (Carol is a *very* successful artist). Speaking of which..." Aunt Carol opened the several latches sealing the top of the crate and lifted the lid to reveal a second, much smaller crate, and two large duffle bags. With Erin's help they lifted out the second crate and opened it to reveal an exquisite bronze sculpture about nine inches in height. "Behold '*Andromeda Waiting*'!" Carol proclaimed proudly.

Erin gasped in amazement. I could only give a wide-eyed stare. (I may have gasped too, but with all that terry cloth stuffed in my mouth who could tell?)

The sculpture was exquisite. Seated on a realistically wave-worn rock encrusted with tiny barnacles, starfish, and such was a tiny maiden with wrists and ankles locked in heavy chains. Her plastered and hanging hair and the shining finish of her bronze skin gave the uncanny impression of streaming moisture, as if a cloud of spray had just passed over the rock. Head bowed and eyes downcast, her pitiable expression was the very image of resignation to a tragic fate. (The effect might have been somewhat morbid, if I hadn't known the story of her coming rescue...a rescue I could have used just about then.)

"The foundry only cast 20 of these," Aunt Carol explained. "This is the first satisfactory test casting, and is unnumbered—but I signed it for you."

"She's beautiful," Erin whispered, stroking the tiny maiden's head and back. She embraced her aunt and kissed her cheek. While Erin began rearranging our knickknacks to find *Andromeda* a prominent place to await her rescue by a little bronze *Perseus* (who probably wasn't going to show any time soon), Aunt Carol hauled the two duffel bags out of the crate and dropped them on the carpet.

"This stuff is for your experiment," Carol explained. "I stopped at the home of a performance artist I know and picked out some things to keep you ladies occupied for the next few days or weeks or whatever." She dumped the contents of one bag, creating a large pile of what appeared to be belts, straps, and various other leather and metal accessories of uncertain utility.

"Aunt Carol!" Erin laughed. "I never knew!"

"Hey, I just thought I might broaden your horizons, and give you two something different to play with. You know, a little break from rope and handcuffs."

Oh joy! Auntie Carol had brought her niece a "*Bondage Dolly Play Set*,"—and I got to be the dolly.

"Now some of this stuff is kind of complicated," Aunt

Carol explained, "so you'll have to watch closely." At this point, things got unconventional *fast*. To our utter astonishment—*Carol began undressing in the middle of our living room!!!* Erin was speechless. (Me too. Gag or no.)

Her costume reduced to panties and bra, Carol rummaged through the leather goods and shook out what looked like a bridle or harness for some sort of weird alien horse. She stepped through part of the tangle with one leg, put her arms through what seemed to be a couple of randomly chosen leather loops, shrugged her shoulders, and was wearing a collection of dangling straps and buckles.

"Oh, this will never work," she complained. "There's just no way you can put one of these things on yourself. You have to put it on someone else." She stepped out of 'it' and stood rubbing her chin, puzzling out a solution. Suddenly she snapped her fingers. "Got it! Erin, you can be the model. Grab this stuff and meet me in your bedroom. I'll get my clothes and follow."

Erin was still dazed by the experience of seeing her semi-naked aunt parading around the living room modeling kinky leather goods. (Aunt Carol was a *knockout*, by the way. Athletic, tanned (and freckled), with firm, generous breasts, and the sort or grace, muscle tone, and vigor I hope to have when I'm the high side of 40).

"Huh?" Erin remarked profoundly.

Aunt Carol pointed to part of the heap at her feet and the hall door. "Go!" she commanded, and began donning her skirt, blouse, and sandals.

Erin stood in apparent ambivalence for a moment, then shrugged, gathered the tinkling leather mass, and headed for her room as ordered.

Aunt Carol came over to me, buttoning her blouse. She bent over, kissed my forehead and whispered into my ear. "You'll want to watch what happens in the next several minutes quite carefully," she said. "You'll probably want to write about it some day." With a wink, she left my rather puzzled, amazed, and well-roped self and walked after her niece.

I spent the next half hour trying to spit out my gag and wiggle some slack from my ropes, all without success. At some point I grew bored (again) and sort of dozed off.

Next thing I knew, Aunt Carol was standing in the hall door with a broad smile on her face. In her hand was a leather leash which seemed to be attached to something out of sight down the hall. When Aunt Carol stepped into the room and tugged on the leash, I was greeted with a truly amazing sight.

Stumbling into the living room came Erin, naked but for several dozen interlacing straps, a complex leather corset, and a tiny leather g-string. The leash in Carol's hand was clipped to a broad collar clasped tightly around Erin's neck and secured with several small buckles. From the collar branched a network of straps and metal rings that pinned her arms very tightly to her sides and attached to the corset and each other with various buckles and clips.

Her wrists were secured in broad leather cuffs and held at her sides by leather straps circling each thigh. Similar cuffs secured her elbows and upper arms and were joined to the system of straps circling her arms and torso. The hourglass corset held its tight shape by a cunning web of tiny straps and buckles and had a small window-like cutout for her navel. Erin's pert breasts were restricted by several very small straps which crossed from the top of the corset and various parts of the upper harness to anchor two metal rings through which her nipples protruded. A buckle and strap from the base of the corset passed through a ring at the top of the shield-like front of the g-string. When Erin turned at her Aunt's request, a tight strap from the base of the g-string to the lower back of the corset was revealed. Broad leather cuffs encircling each ankle and linked by a foot of silver chain completed the ensemble. All of the buckles and snaps on the harness, corset, collar, and cuffs were securely locked with tiny, silver, heart-shaped padlocks that tinkled like bells as Erin pranced and turned.

Lightly freckled at the arms and shoulders, porcelain white on her breasts and dimpled behind, Erin's fair skin was a striking contrast to the dull black leather of the harness, which was matte and textured like the hide of some exotic wild animal. Erin's flesh bulged slightly between the spaces separating the thin, tight straps, and as she made what little motion the harness allowed, her ineffectual muscles flexed, causing the straps to ply and creak. From her rapid panting, it appeared the tight corset was restricting her breathing a little. A sheen of sweat glistened on her forehead, shoulders, and between her captive breasts. She strutted and posed, shameless in her naughty pride.

"Interesting sensations, aren't they?" Aunt Carol asked.

"Did you have to buckle these straps so tight?"

"You get used to it after a while," Carol chuckled.

"After how much of a while?" Erin asked uncertainly.

"I was part of the performance piece these little numbers were designed for. I put up with those straps four hours a night for six weeks. After awhile the strobe lights and what the artist called music began to be more of a bother than the harness. Luckily the show didn't tour."

Erin and I exchanged startled glances. Apparently Auntie Carol had a much richer past than we had ever guessed.

Erin fluttered her fingers and found she could touch no part of her bonds. (The posing was over. She seemed to be seeking a means of escape.) "Weren't you embarrassed?" she asked.

Carol laughed. "Not embarrassed at all. No one can recognize you when you're wearing one of these." She held up a leather hood. "Here, I'll show you."

Erin took small, chain encumbered steps backwards as Carol approached her with hood in hand. Despite half-voiced protests, the butter-soft leather was pulled over her face and down around her head. The hood had small, exotically slanted openings for the eyes, nostrils, and

mouth. Working quickly, Carol gathered Erin's red curls, pulled them through a hole in the back of the hood, and let them swing free in a ponytail. The hood fit like a second skin, and Erin gasped as the laces were tugged and knotted.

"We usually wore spandex body suits under the harness system," Carol explained, "so the only clues to our identities were eye and hair colors...that and our figures."

"Ah, can we put this thing on Brooke now?" Erin asked with forced nonchalance. "I think I've learned all I need to know about how it works."

"Oh, there's more," Carol smiled and held up a small harness and strap affair with a large ball of foam attached. "You see, we weren't allowed to talk to the audience."

"No! I don't *think* so. *No gag!*" Erin protested.

"I *do* think so," Carol answered pleasantly, and began strapping on the harness. It had a large ring in the back (for the ponytail,) and several straps that circled Erin's forehead and ran down either side of her nose, under her chin, and between her lips, anchoring the large foam ball in her mouth.

"*Stop! No! Aunt Carol, NO! I won't let you! I-won't-mwermpl!*" A final broad padded strap buckled tightly over ball, mouth, and lips, rendering Erin nearly completely mute.

Carol stepped back and we both watched as Erin danced in small circles, straining against the harness, tossing her head, and making well-baffled angry howls. She struggled and kicked for several minutes, bloody murder in her eyes. (I have only seen my roommate truly pissed-off a few times, but when she gets really angry, *look out!* She turns into the proverbial red-headed spitfire.)

After several minutes Erin wore herself down. Her gagged screams turned to muffled sobs, and she collapsed to the floor, angry tears streaming down her leather covered face. Aunt Carol sat down beside her, rocked Erin's tightly restrained body in her arms, and crooned a lullaby 'til the sobbing subsided.

"You know why I did this?" Carol asked.

Erin looked into her face with tear stained eyes.

"I did this for the sake of your friendship with Brooke. If you continue this game the way you've been going, without either finishing it or taking it further... it will end in heartbreak. I know you better than you think, Erin. You talk like a free spirit, but in the end you always choose the safe course. You've started something you don't know how to stop, and poor Brooke is going crazy from frustration and boredom," (Who, me?) "and you're letting it happen because you're afraid. I won't allow it. I love you both too much."

Carol produced a Kleenex from somewhere and wiped Erin's eyes. "Sometimes the best way to teach a child to swim is to toss her in the deep end. If you won't take control, *I will.*" Carol stood and rummaged through the still plentiful pile of leather goodies. She looked back at Erin and winked. "You think about all this while I get you

and Brooke ready."
(Ready for what?)

Erin lay on her side and watched the show as Aunt Carol unwrapped my ropes and began dressing me in a somewhat less complex if every bit as secure leather harness of my own. My little number had twin straps with a buckle at one end and a series of metal rings and straps at the other. Carol parted the two straps and dropped them over my head leaving the buckle dangling between my shoulder blades and the rest of the harness dangling down my front. She then selected the central strap, pulled it between my legs and threaded the end through the back buckle. The lower portion of the strap didn't simply run through my sex like a crotch rope, but was comprised of a pair of narrow, suede-soft, and pliant straps held apart by small metal brackets. Nested between my legs, (and after careful and highly intimate adjustments) the straps held some of my favorite body parts—open. (How shall I put this? I could feel a breeze in places I normally didn't.) Aunt Carol tugged the end of the strap taut and secured the buckle. The remaining straps of the harness circled my arms above and below my breasts, and at waist and hips. Like I said, pretty simple next to Erin's "night-of-a-thousand-buckles" showgirl costume.

My arms were tightly pinned, but my steel cuffed wrists were not held down by any part of the harness. Carol remedied this oversight with the most bizarre thong bikini bottom I have ever seen. It secured around my hips with thin straps that snapped closed at the small of my back, covered (just barely) my pubis, climbed over the harness strap already cleaving my behind, and rather than attaching to the rear hip straps, was tightly secured around the hinge of my handcuffs—very tightly secured. I call it bizarre, not because of its method of wear or the fact that it was made of leather, but because its interior surface was lined with about a hundred tiny, soft, (and delightful) rubber nubbles. The narrow harness straps divided, stretched, and exposed parts of the sensitive inner linings of my sex—exposed them to the attentions of the nubbles, and when I flexed my arms or twisted my hips, I was treated to a tantalizing and arousing caress. It was sort of like being licked between the legs by a hungry kitten, (I imagine.) Unless Erin had something *really* interesting under her g-string, I was getting the better end of the deal. (That's right. Erin's floor show, Aunt Carol's *coup de main*, and now "Nubbles the friendly g-string" had made me horny again.)

My ankles and knees were strapped together and I was laid on the floor (so to speak) next to Erin. Aunt Carol was gathering up the remaining miscellaneous straps, gags, cuffs, collars, blindfolds, hoods, and (what the heck is that thing?) and putting them back in the duffel bags when the phone on the end table rang.

Erin and I started and reflexively screamed through our gags. We then looked at each other sheepishly. (We weren't so sure we wanted to be rescued by whoever was on the line anyway.) Carol chuckled and strolled to the

phone.

"Hello?...Mr. Hudson..."

Mr. Hudson was Erin's boss. Erin mewed through her gag, blushed bright red, and bent into the fetal position as if trying to hide herself. I rolled my eyes in disgust. Did she think the guy was psychic?

Carol smiled and continued talking. "No, she's out doing some last minute shopping with her roommate Brooke. I'm her Aunt Carol." She put her hand over the speaker and whispered to us, "I won't tell him you're tied up at the moment...too *diché*." She removed her hand. "Yes.... No.... That's right.... They're both going to be my guests at my studio.... OK, I'll tell her. ...What was that? The network servers are an additional two weeks backordered? Oh my!.... Yes, I'll tell her.... Via e-mail.... Of course!.... A pleasure talking with you too Mr. Hudson.... OK, Carl it is then.... Goodbye!" She hung up the phone. "What a flirt," she remarked. Erin nodded her head in mute agreement.

Aunt Carol continued repacking her gear. "Erin, Mr. Hudson...I mean *Carl*, says you can take at least an extra week's vacation if you want, maybe two, and you should send him an e-mail note if that's what you want." She finished repacking the duffels, but instead of putting them back in the crate, she tossed them in the corner of the room. She then bent over Erin and began doing something to her gag. Abruptly the noise level in the room rose a few decibels, and Carol tossed what appeared to be a small metal cap into the crate. (Apparently the gag had some sort of pluggable tube built into it.) Next she lifted Erin off the floor and deposited her in the crate. Erin gave a few muffled protests and gracefully flutter-kicked her chained feet, but was no match for "Carol the Amazon." I had a floor level view up Aunt Carol's skirt as she stood on tip-toe and leaned into the crate. I heard more gagged mumblings from within, as well as various metallic snaps and clicks. Then Carol straightened up, looked at me over her shoulder and grinned. It was my turn.

First Carol untied my gag, removed the washcloth stuffing my mouth, and retied the sash between my lips giving me a tight cleave-gag. (I wasn't as well-silenced as I had been before, but like Erin, I could now breathe through my mouth if I had to.) Carol picked me up and as I was lowered into the crate I saw Erin kneeling on her haunches, her head nearly touching her knees. Numerous elastic shock cords were clipped to several padeyes bolted to the inside of the crate, and to parts of her harness, collar, and hood. I was deposited on my knees in a similar but opposing position, and Aunt Carol began attaching similar cords to my harness. She then gathered several short loose cords lying between us on the crate floor, and joined us harness to harness. The inside of the crate (especially the floor) was heavily padded, so the forced immobility wasn't that uncomfortable—yet. Whenever Erin moved I could feel various cords stretch and recoil, tugging at my body. We actually had about an inch of limited, increasingly restrict-

ed motion, but couldn't touch the sides of the crate with any parts of our anatomies.

Carol reached into the crate, tightened and re-knotted the doubled cotton sash tied between my teeth. (Erin's hood and harness gag obviously needed no checking.) "Almost ready," she remarked.

She returned to the bottom of the crate (not an easy task now, through our network of "bungee-bonds") and produced a square net of nylon straps the approximate dimensions of the crate lid. This was stretched and snapped to the upper padeyes, and a taut net ceiling now kept us from raising our heads.

"Erin has always loved the farm, Brooke," Carol chatted. "I don't know what she's told you about my place, but I think you'll love it too." The lid began to close. "We'll probably miss most of the rush hour traffic, so the trip

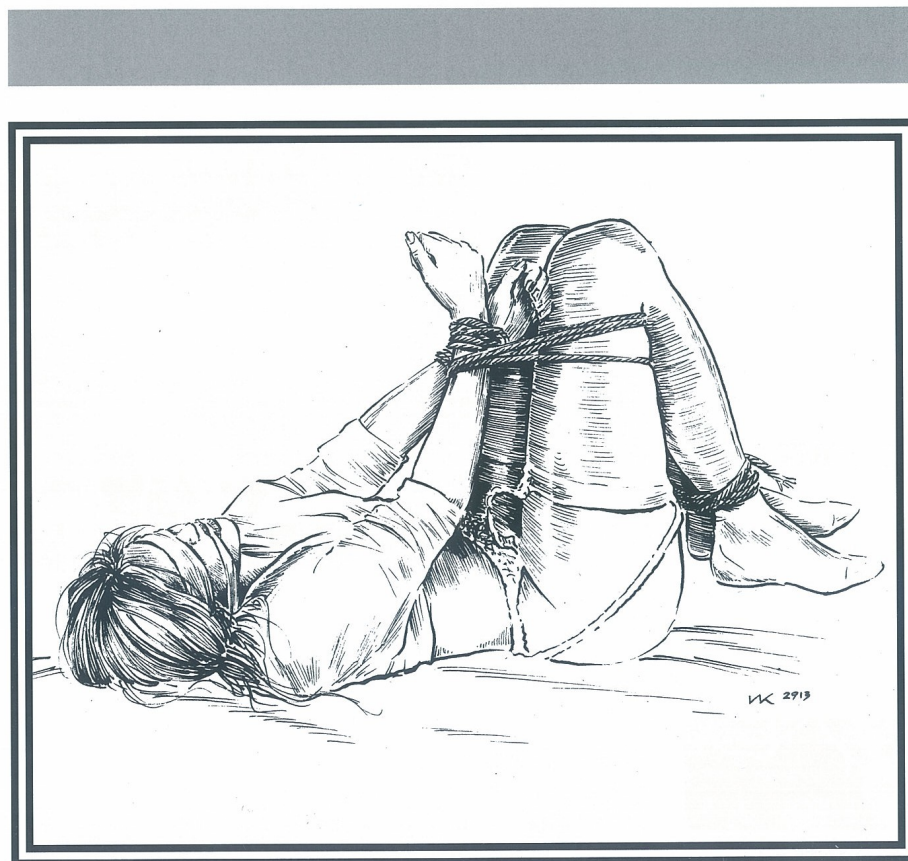
back shouldn't take more than a few hours. Try to get some rest." The lid closed.

Darkness. The distant muffled sound of the lid's latches snapping shut. Erin's gagged moan—loud (in the enclosed space), close (reassuring). The strap sliding against my sex, (the thong rubbing in counterpoint). My fingers flutter and touch a bungee cord which vibrates like a bass string. The air—hot and close and laden with musk.

Motion! We're *moving*! We stop. (The elevator?) We move again. We vibrate; stop; move; slide; stop. (Waiting.) A *lower* vibration. (The van's engine?) Vibration. Vibration. ... Vibration. ... Vibration. ... (Dreams.)

THE END

... of Part Three ...



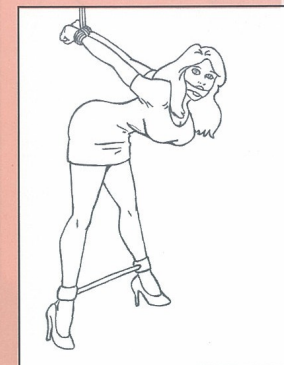
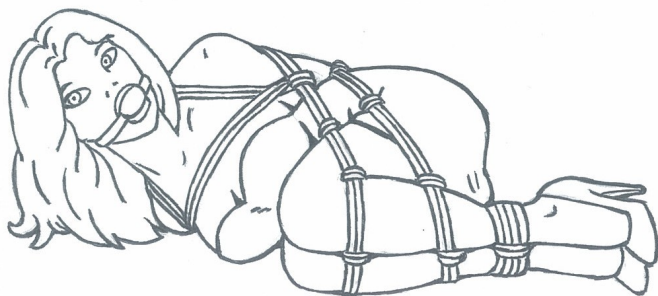


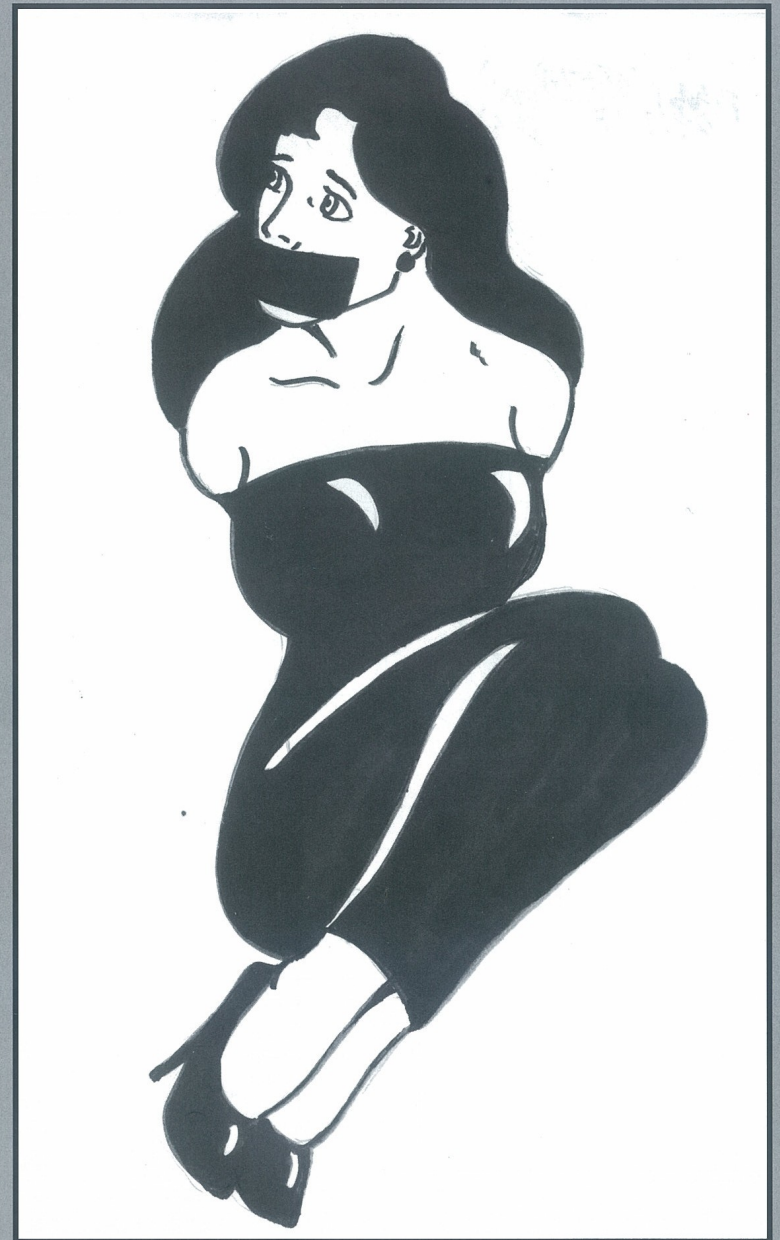
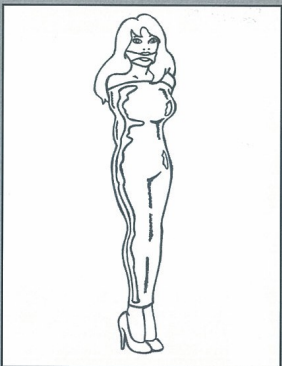
Tales from the Woods

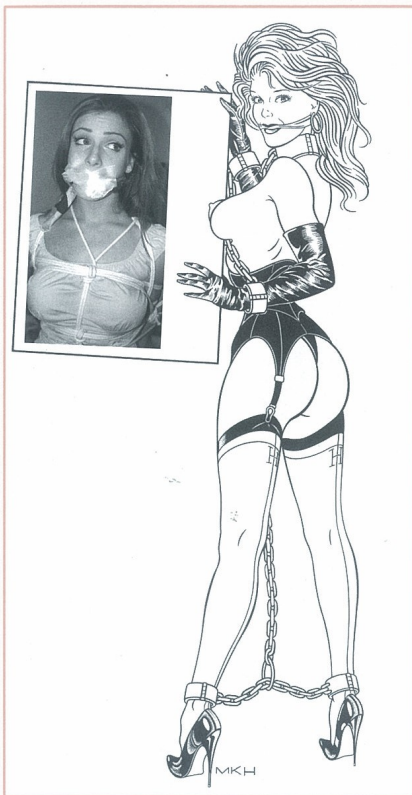
By Jon Woods

Before I was hired by Harmony, I submitted a lot of drawings for publication. I suppose that's why I still feel a great affinity for the artists who are currently sending their works to us. But even as I was creating these modest attempts at art, I always said to myself that if I ever got the chance to work with real models and take photos or shoot videos that I'd never draw again. As it turned out, once I started working here, I didn't really have much time to draw any more anyway. Still, every now and then I'd get the urge to pick up pen and paper again, although I didn't think it was prudent to run a staffer's artwork when so many Harmonizers were contributing art which was frequently better than mine. So with no real reason to draw, there wasn't much I could do with these sketches.

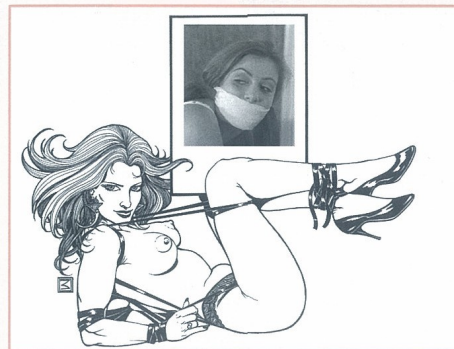
However, since the deadline for my column seemed to sneak up on me again, and I was also running a wee bit short on amusing anecdotes about the models, I thought I'd do something a little different this time. I've picked out a few of the better ones, which I hope you'll enjoy.







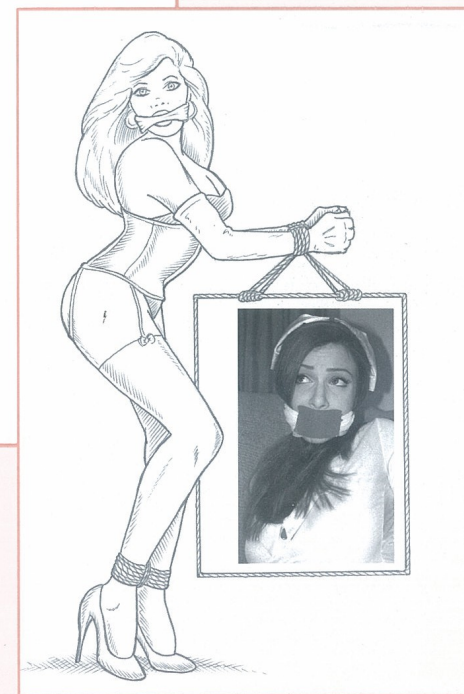
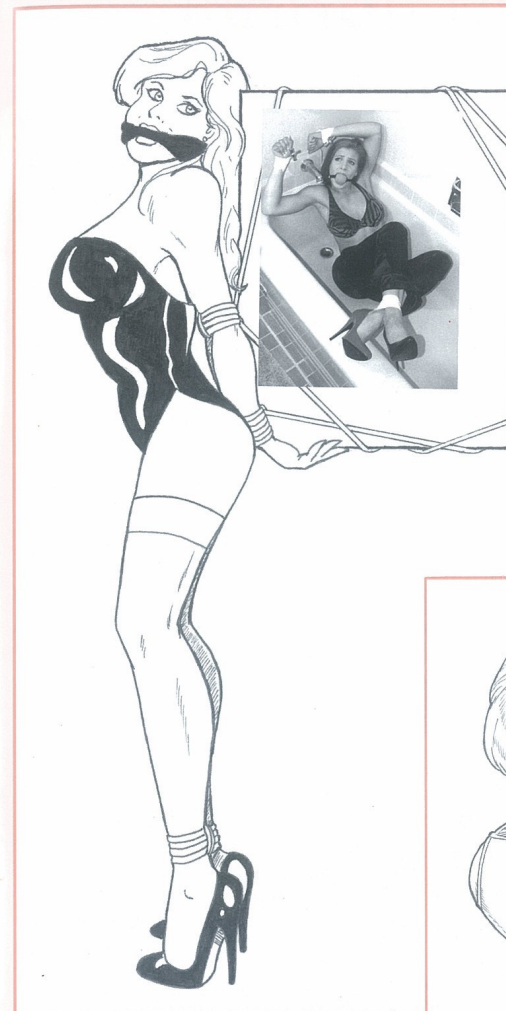
ATTACK OF THE AD LADIES (featuring Eve Ellis!)



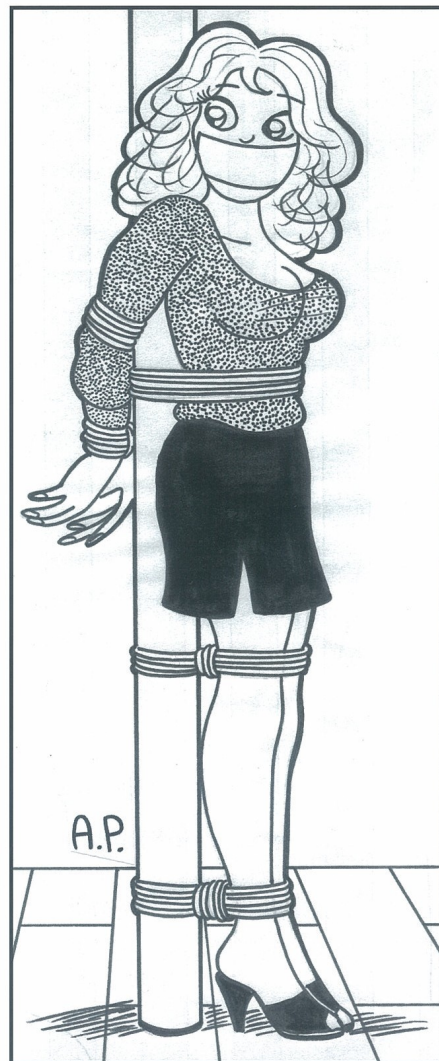
Yes indeed, not only is it an attack of our lovely former advertisement ladies rendered by some of our best artists, but they come bearing likenesses of cover model Eve Ellis! Not wanting to let these delectable drawings deteriorate, they are re-presented here so that we may appreciate each and every line and curve.

And what could be better than to combine the artistic fantasy with the beautiful reality of Eve Ellis herself in some of her recent roles in Harmony productions? It may be a concept whose time has come.

-ed.



A.P.'s WOMEN



MANSE OF MYSTERY

An experiment in this issue's "Manse"... the original script used in the video OK-11 is reprinted here alongside photos representing those scenes.

DANGEROUS SIRENS

Starring

Summer Knight and Jenny McKay
A woman hears about suspicious women who've come into her neighborhood-masquerading as 'Fairy May' door-to-door saleswomen. She's heard that they are the Sirens of ancient mythology - the sound coming out of their mouths can be very dangerous. To protect herself and her neighborhood, she prepares to gag and bind them.
Trouble, of course, ensues.

Summer is pacing, talking to herself.

SUMMER

It's hard to believe, and yet . . . I've read so much about the mythology of Sirens, I'm starting to believe it's true. I must be crazy. Besides, I'm talking to myself. . .

A knock at the door. Summer goes and answers. It's Jenny.

JENNY

Hello! My name is Jenny, and I'm your local Fairy May representative.

SUMMER

What's that? No, don't answer that, whatever you're selling, I don't want it.

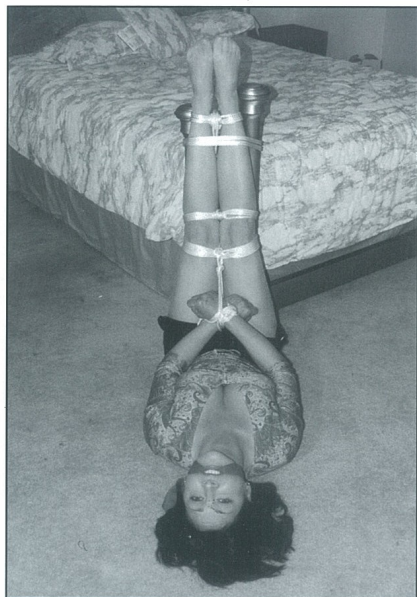
JENNY

(insistent)

No, please don't slam the



door on me. It's my first job in this country-I mean since I graduated college. Let me just show you what we have.



SUMMER

Alright. But make it quick. I'm feeling crazy today.

Jenny comes in, and sets herself up on the sofa.

JENNY

As I was saying, I'm your Fairy May cosmetics representative. I'd like to sell you the best in skin care products.

SUMMER

Yeah, yeah, just get on with it.

JENNY

Well, what are your skin care and make-up needs?

SUMMER

I don't have any. Now listen, either show me something or leave-

JENNY

We all have needs. But alright, let me show you something-

SUMMER
Did you hear that?

JENNY
Hear what?

SUMMER
Have you heard of the Sirens?

JENNY
You mean like fire engine, air raid-

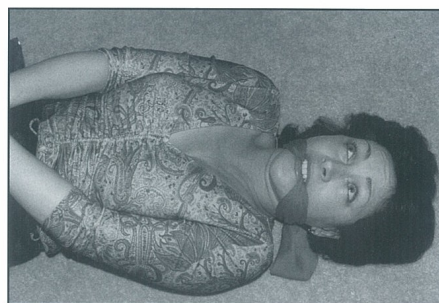
SUMMER
No no no! Like in ancient mythology, these female creatures with the power to make people do their bidding with their high-pitched voices-or make them crazy.

JENNY
What a quaint notion. Now let me show you-

SUMMER
Quaint notion! I'm convinced they exist today! As a matter of fact, I'm trying to figure out where I can find them right now.

JENNY
That's nice. Now let me show you-

SUMMER
Let me explain-it's as if something told me they still exist-in the bodies of mortal women today! For example, you could be one of them-



JENNY
Let's hope not-

SUMMER
Indeed. But if you were, let me tell you what I would have to do to you...

(INSERT FIRST BONDAGE-JENNY ONLY)
(CONTINUING:)

JENNY
Oh my. Maybe I should be going now-

SUMMER
I was saying only 'what if.' I'm sure, let's say I suspect, you're a normal human. But if you weren't, and I didn't know what would happen to me, you could do this . . .

(INSERT SECOND BONDAGE HERE-SUMMER ONLY)

(CONTINUING:)

JENNY
I assure you I would do nothing of the kind! I was brought up never to tie up a customer.

SUMMER
All well and good. But IF you were a Dangerous



Siren, and I was here with you, and we were caught by a vigilant mob, I know something else that might happen.

JENNY
Dare I ask what that may be?

SUMMER
Wouldn't YOU like to know . . .

(INSERT THIRD BONDAGE HERE-BOTH TOGETHER)

JENNY
Oh my!

SUMMER
You know what. I think you could be one of them.

JENNY
I REALLY think I made a mistake in coming here-

SUMMER
I have to silence you before you can influence me or call for your other Siren friends-

Summer grabs a hankie and stuffs it into her mouth-fade out.



Jenny is tied w/ cable ties and transparent tape.

SUMMER

Now not only can you not hurt me with your wicked voice, but if another Siren comes by, she won't immediately know that you're bound and gagged, as I've inconspicuously incapacitated you with cable ties and transparent tape. Before anyone can



save you, they'll be gagged as well! Hahahahaha—urp—

As Jenny is mmmphing through her gag, Summer has been grabbed from behind, and is being bound.

(FOURTH BONDAGE—BOTH TOGETHER)

Cut to Summer and Jenny bound together on the couch, struggling.

Additional dialogue:

SUMMER

Little did you know that I ambushed a Siren who goes by the name of Amber Michaels before she had the chance to seduce me with that evil Siren siren! This is what happened to her!

THE END

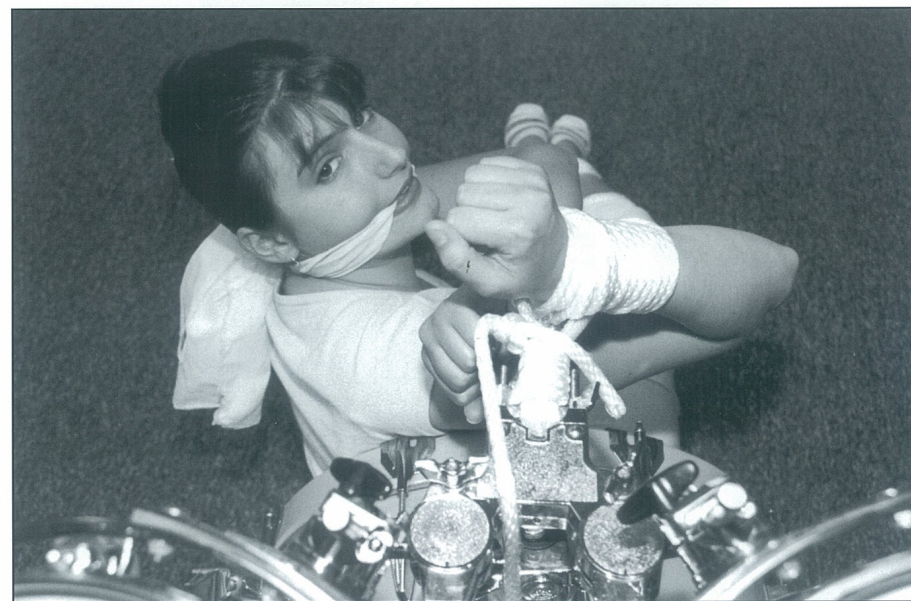
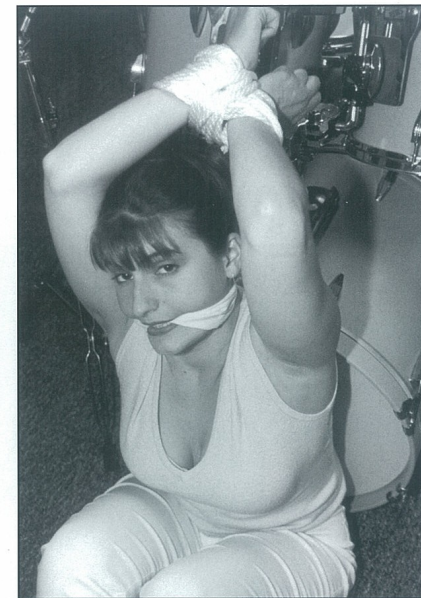
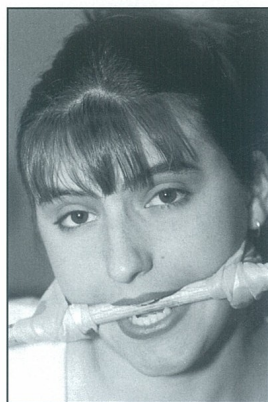


"Dangerous Sirens" (OK-11), 45 minutes, is available from Harmony Concepts for \$30 VHS or PAL-VHS. See order form on page 10.



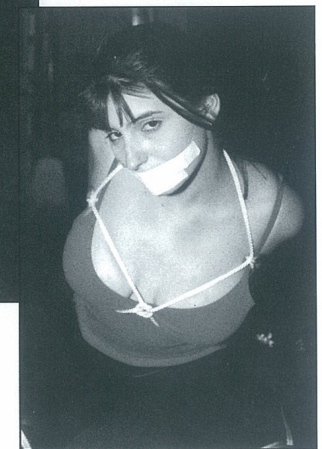
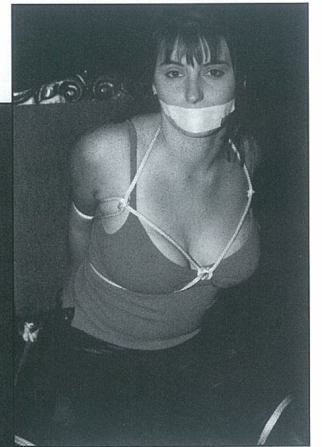
Lovely Leah

As portrayed by L.T., she's a bondage rock star, ready to drum her heart out with the best of them (the best 'Love Bondagettes bound and gagged with a drum stick' we mean). Maybe she can start a band with Ashley Renee's ballgagged guitarist as rendered by TrainMan on page 77!





Need we say it? Leah is sitting pretty here, first with mouth cleaved, then with her pretty lips taped up. Nice ropework L.T.!



BOUND FOR CONTROVERSY

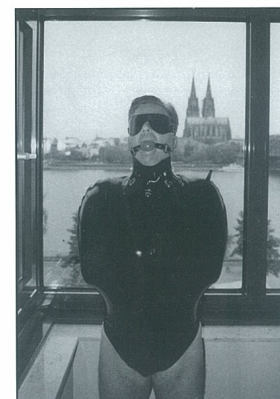
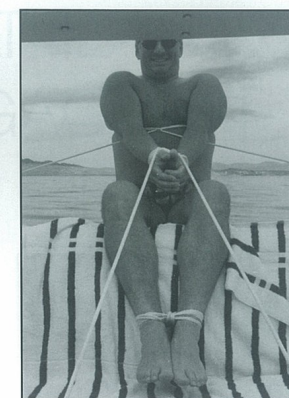
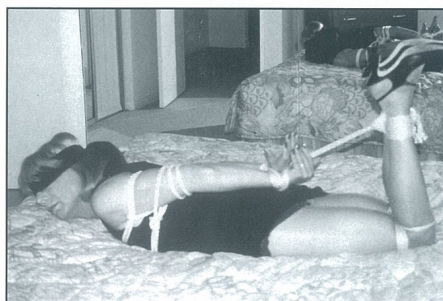
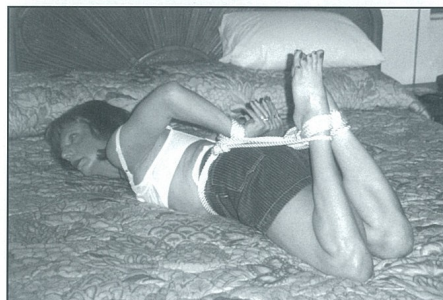
...BECAUSE MEN LIKE TO BE TIED UP TOO!

BOUND FOR CONTROVERSY FAVORITES!

The following photos are a few of the B. for C. stars. If a few of your favorites aren't included, it probably means we don't have anymore photos of them to run! Feel free to send in letters requesting more photos of your particular favorites. It's always fun to know you're in demand, so a few small hints might produce big results!



KAREN —
THE
HOGTIE
CHAMPION



J. — ANNE
STONEBROOK'S
DEVOTED
BONDAGE
DARLING



RW — WITH THE SEXY LEGS



R.H. — WITH THE THOROUGH GAG



SALE VIDEOS

\$29.95 each



V47 SPY ACADEMY
Smooth and stern, The Contessa rules over an exclusive training ground for beautiful spy hopefuls.



V61 BONDAGE CASTLE
It's a house of horrors, where women pay to get in—and are tortured by Mistress Natasha.



V104 JASMINE'S GIRLS
Can you accept the premise that beautiful girls are shanghaied, trained for sex slavery and shipped to wealthy foreign clients?



V149 SEX SLAVE
The "Strawberry's Slut" meets the "Pleasure-of-Payne" Top adult vidstar Porsche Lynn and L.A. super-sadist Mistress Alexis Payne.



V168 THE DISCIPLINARIANS
It's a rare treat: See a famous female disciplinarian teach the art of girl spanking to her best pupil!



V173 THE OTHER SIDE OF MELINDA
Mistress Diane runs her home with an iron hand - that why so many babes end up there.



V203 BAD SLAVES
Lisa and Christy aren't really bad slaves, they just get distracted and need to be redirected.



V210 DUNGEON OF THE BORGIA
At the height of the Renaissance, Lucrezia Borgia achieved the depths of depravity through torture and discipline.

SALE VIDEOS

\$39.95 each



V35 ONCE A SLAVE
A submissive turned Mistress, but as time revealed her submissive desires where still there. Sharon Kane, Sindee Cox, Misty Rain & Sarah Jane Hamilton



V50 A DOMINANT SPEAKS
Mistress Porsche Lynn reflects on three decades of dominance. Porsche Lynn, Arianna, Angella Faith and Caressa Savage.



V57 BLACKMAILED INTO BONDAGE
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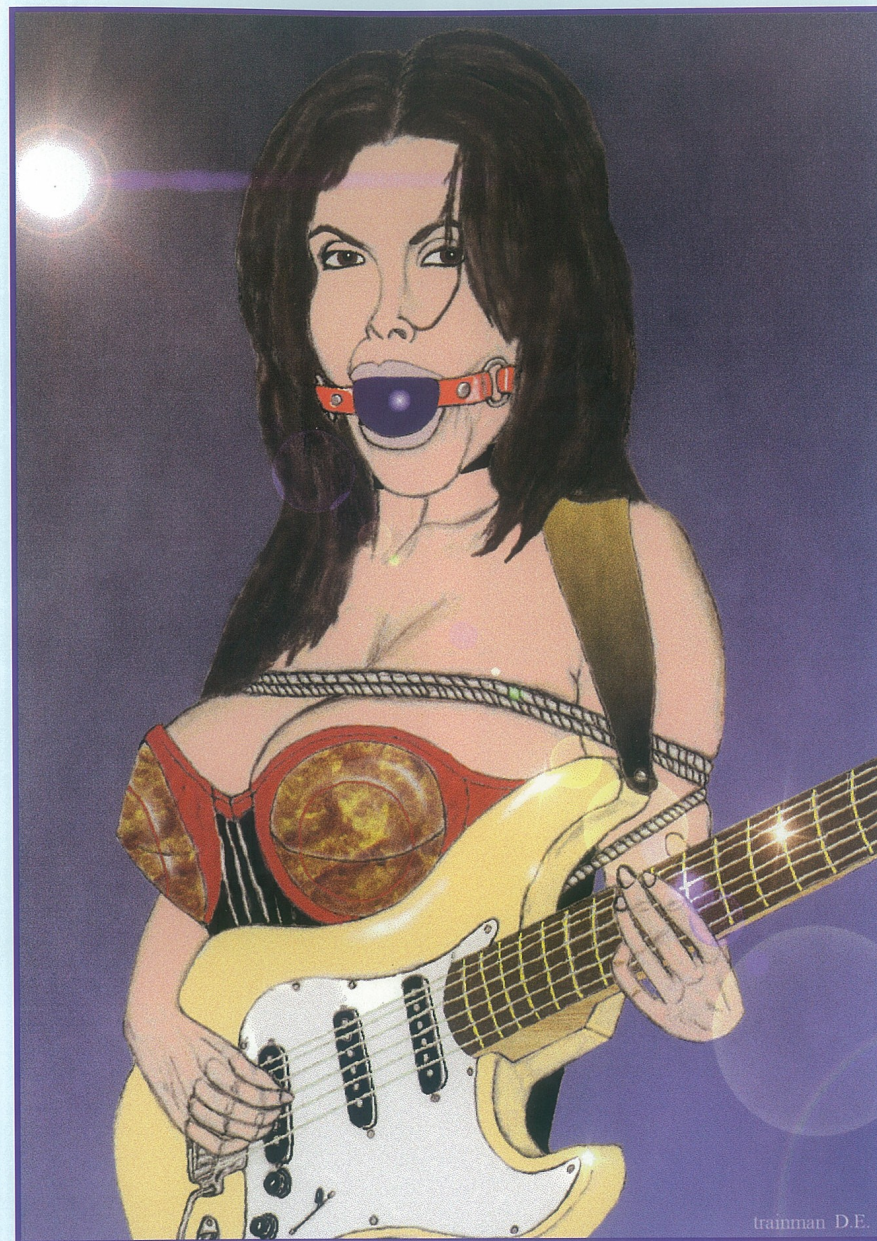
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